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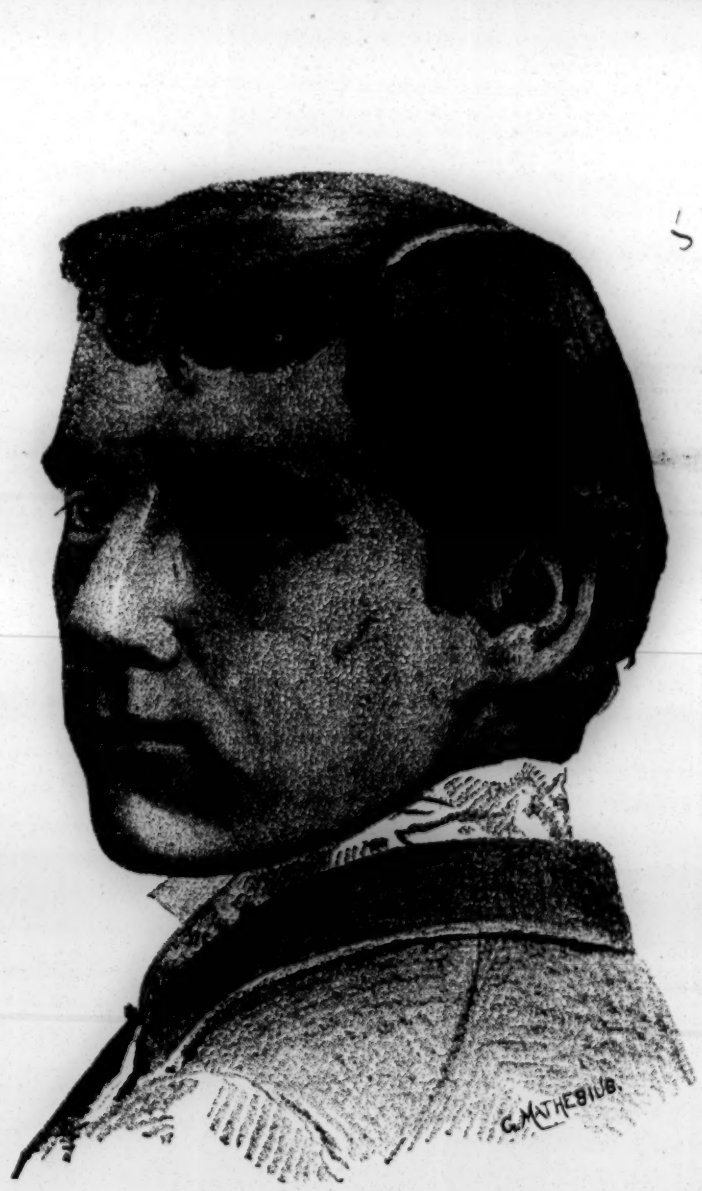

FREDERICK PAULDING.

AN ACTOR'S PAST.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS—ANECDOTES AND CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM—MURDOCH'S CONTRIBUTION TO HISTRIONIC HISTORY.

James E. Murdoch, the actor, has published his impressions of and experiences on the stage during a career dating back over fifty years. The result is a folio book of over 500 pages, full of essays on style and the relative merits and difficulties of various kinds of acting, together with what is of much greater interest and importance as a contribution to the history of histrionics, personal sketches, reminiscences and anecdotes of the great theatrical lights of this and the last century. The whole constitutes a valuable addition to the literature of the theatre, and will doubtless be put through a long purgatory of quotation and misquotation. In his opening chapters the author, speaking of changes in the style of actors, says:

A century ago elocution of a declamatory style was the prevailing dramatic tone, but, yielding to the changes of fashion, it gradually assumed the form of what was termed natural speech, which in its turn * * * became eccentric and unnatural. Of late years the elocution of the American and English stage, with a few exceptions, has been rather a matter of instinct than the result of intelligent vocal culture. The traditions of the stage have arbitrarily determined the kind of voice and the mode of speech appropriate to the villian, the hero and the lover. * * * The fashion still exists that each character should have a distinctive quality of voice and mode of utterence peculiar to itself, thus ignoring the fact that every passion of the human soul has its own vocal sign, dictated by natural laws and common to the human race, and that every emotion and passion has also its conventional verbal sign.

Speaking of the practice among actors of imitating great actors of a former age. Mr. Murdoch says: It is considered imperative that the natural voice of the actor, if he have one, must be permeated with the flavor of the stage. No matter how much his unaffected vocality may possess of clear resonance and beauty, it must be colored and toned to the requirements of a fictitious standard ordained and enforced by the oracles of the dramatic temple; therefore almost all the actors and readers of the present day have their unmistakable archetypes in Liston, Kemble, Mathews and Kean, the Keeleys, Buckstone, the elder Booth, Fanny Kemble and Ellen Tree. These performers, in turn, but copied the various manners of voice in vogue at the time in which they were taking their first steps in the profession. As an instance of this kind with which we are all more or less familiar the author mentions Edwin Forrest's peculiar experience of having his deep intonations imitated all over the country in private and in public life. He strongly condemns imitations of actors as conducive only to harm. The unnatural imperfections of an actor's style, he urges, may be readily imitated, while it would be difficult to reproduce the natural beauties of his delivery.

Charles Mathews the elder is the author's best illustration of the difference between mimicry and imitation. Mathews had a thorough knowledge of and control over the causative mechanism of the voice by which he was enabled to mimic everybody and entirely obscure his own identity. By tying a handkerchief over his head in different ways, drawing up his coat collar behind, or by brushing his hair back from his face, or up in what was termed cockscomb style, he was able to present any laughable portraiture without the assistance of vocal idiosyncrasies, and produce effects that have never been equalled by his imitators, aided by grimace, buffoonery, shocking bad hats, grotesque spectacles, etc. Mathews, according to his gifted son, suffered martyrdom from nervousness. After weeks spent in anxious supervision over the rehearsals of an entertainment on first night, no novice ever suffered greater at a first appearance than did this veteran of a thousand engagements. Charles J. was forced, on one occasion, while his father was on the stage, to find his way in through the audience to an old fellow who had fallen asleep, and awaken him with the information that Mr. Mathews wanted him to keep awake, as his snoozing put the actor out. The man, feeling ashamed, laughed with such forced appreciation at everything Mathews subsequently said, that matters were made much worse, and young Charles, momentarily dreading an explosion, listened from his hole all the evening to hear his father spring forward and offer £5 to anybody who would put out that laughing hyena.

Mr. Murdoch, who dwells a great deal on the tones of actors, says of Garrick: "He was distinctly heard in the most subdued tones of his voice in every part of the house, while other actors around him, though often offensively loud, were scarcely intelligible." This essential quality of voice was doubtless owing to his well-managed syllabic qualities, wherein the tone was sustained with a uniformity of sound to the entire extent of the syllable. John Philip Kemble, coldly classic in his conceptions, dignified and deliberate in action, and never rising "above the pall and gloom of the tragic muse," had a serious trouble with his voice. Suffering from asthma, his tones were deep and hollow, lacking in force, and of little variety, save in the quality of pathos, which, as a whole, must have rendered his voice peculiarly adapted to grave and sombre effects, and not very well calculated for the requirements of abrupt and startling passion. Kean often uttered his speech, says the author, quoting from a critical essay of his own in the days of yore, as if he had a mouthful of hot potatoes. The author freely and liberally criticises the character of the acting of all his great predecessors, whom he discusses; but as he was not exactly contemporaneous with them, his utterances, following in the vein of the critics who went before him, not only present us with nothing new regarding such men as Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Cooke, but do not affect to occupy new ground in recalling their images.

In Kean the elder the author finds a triumph of natural power, accompanied by a preparatory discipline; he flashed upon the drama like a meteor. Booth seemed, to the author, to have taken him for a model. Kean, however, was prone to the use of an aspirated and guttural quality of voice, which impaired the naturally sonorous character of his tones. Booth, while using the aspirated quality, never permitted it to interfere with the rich effects of his tones, in expressing elevated and ennobling sentiments. Booth and Kean were very much alike in natural endowments; both of intense impassioned natures.

Of Charlotte Cushman our author says: By nature and education a lover of place and position of the "ribbon and star," tact in the management of people, a determination to make the most of her social opportunities, in some respects she was a female Richelieu. To be known in society and wield an influence there were her constant aims. Her fondness for society was insatiable, and wealth had no more devoted worshiper. The author gives to Forrest a large and appreciative measure of notice, with a fine and striking likeness of the actor on steel. Mr. Murdoch puts true dramatic excellence midway between Forrest and Macready. It is useless and impossible to attempt to do justice in a line or two to this opinion of Forrest, with whom the author was upon very intimate terms, but room must be found for another anecdote. When Forrest was a lad he appeared by request of the projectors in an amateur performance. He was to appear as a lady, and, owing to the brief time at his disposal, he wore his theatrical costume over his own clothes. While just at the beginning of his part, and trying to recall his lines, his dress became displaced, and a youngster in the audience sang out: "That's Ned Forrest; twig his Germantown stockings." All was up for Forrest, and, running to the footlights, he shook his fist mad with rage at his tormentor and cried: "Bill Jones, I'll lick you like the devil the first time I catch you on the street."

The author's best illustration of Forrest's want of imaginative power is brought out in his statement that had Forrest been a woman he might have played Lady Macbeth, the unsexed and unimaginative woman, better than he did play Macbeth, which required considerable imaginative power. As to Forrest's voice, he says that its deep tones, mingled with the peculiar huskiness so habitual to it, gave great intensity to his expressions of rage and scorn, and even in his ordinary conversation not unfrequently suggested a shade of bitterness which he probably did not intend. Before Forrest's temper was soured by misfortune, the author saw in him a kind-hearted man, who in any other profession might have developed a humanity "as broad and generous as the easing air."

Of Mr. Thomas Barry, once manager of the Tremont Theatre, the author has somewhat to say. He mentions an anecdote of Forrest's engagement. Forrest was playing one of his raging, passionate parts at the Tremont, and when he had succeeded in working wonderful physical resources, two small supernumeraries advanced and arrested him. The idea was so grotesque that on being led behind the stage Forrest complained to Mr. Barry, while admiring the pluck of the little fellows—for it really required pluck to handle Forrest when he was letting himself out on the stage—that it was too absurd these particularly undersized gentlemen overpowering him. Mr. Barry's conception of Hamlet was a character dressed in black and "steeped to the very lips" in gloom, sombre in mood and grave and deliberate in utterance and gait, not to be disturbed by the slighest manifestation of levity, however much the language might suggest such departure. Hamlet was not Hamlet without a black plume. Philip Kemble was the ideal Hamlet of Mr. Barry.

The First Piece Played in New York.

[New York World.

What was the first theatrical piece publicly played in the City of New York? SUPE.

The first theatrical piece played in the City of New York, according to Dr. Francis who corrected Dunlap, was Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard the Third, as altered by Colley Cibber. It was produced under the management of Lewis Hallam and performed on Monday evening, February 26, 1750, in one of the buildings which had belonged to the estate of Rip Van Dam in Nassau street.

AMANUENSIS.

In 1752 a theatrical company was organized in London by the brothers William and Lewis Hallam. Dunlap said the pieces were selected, cast and put in study before embarkation, and during the passage were repeatedly rehearsed. The quarter-deck of the Charming Sally was the stage, and whenever the winds and weather permitted the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin performed their allotted parts, rehearsing all the plays that had been selected. After performing in the South, Lewis Hallam opened his theatre in Nassau street, New York, on the spot afterward occupied by the Old Dutch Church, on the seventeenth day of September, 1753. The headings of the playbills read as follows: "By his Excellency's Authority, by a company of comedians from London, at the New Theatre in Nassau street, the present evening, being September 17, 1753, will be presented a comedy called The Conscious Lovers," etc., concluding with the farce of Damon and Phillida. The days of performance were Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

PSYCHE.

The first play given to a New York public was the Merchant of Venice, in September, 1753, by the Hallam Theatrical troupe from England. This company sufficed for the whole continent and some of the West India islands. Its repertory was extensive, consisting of twenty tragedies and comedies, several farces and a few pantomimes.

UNCLE TOBY.

In a Box.

I saw them last night in a box at the play—
Old age and young youth side by side;
You might know by the glasses that pointed that way
That they were—a groom and a bride;
And you might have known, too, by the face of the groom,
And the tilt of his head, and the grim
Little smile of his lip, he was proud to presume
That we men were all envying him.

Well, she was superb—an Elaine in the face,
A Godiva in figure and mien,
With the arm and the wrist of a Parian "Grace,"
And the high-lifted brow of a queen;
But I thought, in the splendor of wealth and of pride,
And in all her young beauty might prize,
I should hardly be glad if she sat by my side
With that far-away look in her eyes.

Bernhardt in "Frou-Frou."

[London Figaro.]

Whatever else Sara Bernhardt may be, she is certainly the most finished, easy and charming comedy actress imaginable. So much we all knew already, for had not everybody seen her Mistress Clarkson in L'Etrangere, or her Berthe in Le Sphinx? Yet it may fairly be said that her performance of Frou Frou on Monday night conveyed a new revelation of power. I have no hesitation in calling it the most perfect and delightful of all her parts. There are always limitations to one's enjoyment of her tragedy, and none of her other comedy parts is so varied and many-sided as this. The snake-like Creole of L'Etrangere is quite remote from our sympathies, and Berthe de Savigny is cast in a too uniform key of subdued and pensive emotion to give full scope to her powers. But Frou-Frou is a sympathetic, vivid, warm creation, and it would be impossible for anyone to enter into the character more warmly and sympathetically than does Mlle. Bernhardt. I have never seen Desclee in the part, but there is no need for any comparison to conclude that Mlle. Bernhardt is not in the first acts precisely the Frou-Frou of Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy's imagination. There is not enough "frou-frou" about her to answer to their conception—not enough of the dancing, glittering, restless butterfly-nature. During the despair and agony of the catastrophe she describes how, only a month before, sitting in a theatre, she had suddenly and without any cause begun clapping her hands and laughing and singing to herself, "Oh, how happy I am, how happy I am." Her exquisite pathos in this passage is quite indescribable, yet we feel that the Frou-Frou we have seen in the first two acts was scarcely likely to have indulged in this child-like ebullition of unthinking happiness. But what does it matter? If we have not precisely the Frou-Frou of Meilhac and Halevy, we have the Frou-Frou of Sara Bernhardt, which, without being absolutely inconsistent with the text, has an added value and poetic charm of its own. Anything more delicate, more vivid and more beautiful than her comedy of the first three acts I cannot conceive. It is a creation to be treasured among one's most cherished dramatic remniscences. In the last two acts she is more on her own ground of emotional drama, to use an objectionable phrase. She is powerful, original and touching to a degree—yet the character has lost our sympathy. This is the authors' fault, and is the irremediable blemish of the play.

Three acts of delicate and original comedy, with two acts of clumsy and commonplace melodrama tagged to them—so Frou frou may be described. How finely conceived is the close of the first act, from the entrance of Sartorys onward! How lightly and gracefully the second act moves, with the only soupçon of vulgarity in the rehearsal scene to reveal the cloven hoof of the boulevard dramatists! Then how exquisitely is the third act, up to within a few lines of the conclusion, woven into a dramatic nodus of rarely complex motive! But the knot is too hard for the dramatists. They cut it with the rough-and-ready blade of the conventional drama of adultery. We have all the well-known scenery and properties—Venice and the Lido, news of the sick child, the outraged husband with the wife's dot in an envelope, her offer to enter the next convent round the corner, the breathless suspense while the duel is being fought, apparently in the back garden, the entrance of the second with the fatal news, and, last of all, the return home, general forgiveness all round, and death, if not apotheosis, of the erring wife. All this is stale, flat, and unprofitable, but the actress' genius illuminates it. Her death is marvelously fine; and the only point which I could for a moment wish modified is the struggle between Gilberto and Sartorys as he is leaving for the duel. To put it prosaically, she "hangs on to him" too soon, and there is too much of the heavy stamping on the stage and inarticulate sounds which always characterize such scenes. If she were to bar his exit by placing herself across the doorway, and only resort to physical force when he tries to force his way past her, the effect of the scene would be better. This is literally the only fault I, for my part, have to find with her performance, with the exception of a tendency in one declamatory passage of the third act to avoid the necessity of giving light and shade to her delivery by the simple expedient of disregarding all punctuation, and speaking as if she had learnt a lesson by rote, and were repeating it with the sole object of getting as many words as possible into a given space of time. This is a mannerism which I have often noted in Mlle. Bernhardt, and which does not at all appeal to me—perhaps because my foreign ear does not appreciate the fineness of her tones.

George Honey.

[London Era, May 30.]

Mr. Honey's health had been failing since the time when he was seized by a fit while performing at the Prince of Wales' last year, and for many weeks past his changed appearance had been the cause of regretful remark among his numerous friends in the theatrical and musical professions. He took to his bed about a fortnight ago, and the fears of those attending upon him and the anxiety of those who visited him have been fully justified by the melancholy result. Only on Thursday last there was an influential gathering at the Lyceum Theatre with the object of promoting a benefit performance on his behalf. (He died the next day.)

Mr. George Honey was born on May 25, 1822. He made his first appearance on the London stage as Pan in Midas, at the Princess' Theatre, in November, 1848. According to the old playbills, he was in the Summer season of 1851 acting at the Adelphi Theatre in a comic opera called Good Night, Signor Pantalon, and later on in a pantomime. At the beginning of his career he was regarded not only as a comedian of much promise, but as an operatic vocalist of no mean skill. He appeared with considerable success in several of the operas produced under the Pyne and Harrison management at the Lyceum and Covent Garden; and in Macfarren's Robin Hood, performed at Her Majesty's Theatre under the direction of the late Mr. E. T. Smith, he rendered valuable assistance both by his acting and singing.

Of late years Mr. Honey has devoted himself chiefly to comedy and extravaganza, and in these fully sustained, and even added to, his earlier reputation. Among the parts ever to be associated with Mr. Honey's name may be mentioned Biles (the lawyer's clerk) in Mr. Craven's serio-comic drama Miriam's Crime, his drunken scene going far to insure the success of the piece on its first production at the Strand, in October, 1863; Turco the Terrible, in William Brough's burlesque Prince Amabel, produced at the Royalty in September, 1865; and, of course, Eccles, in the famous Robertsonian comedy Caste, brought out at the Prince of Wales' in April, 1867, when Mr. Honey made his first appearance at this theatre. Let us turn and see what the Era had to say of this creation:—"Mr. George Honey has a fine character intrusted to him, and he has rendered it one of the most striking embodiments ever seen upon the stage. His sottish aspect, his blatant outpourings of coarse Radicalism, his blustering assertions of the rights of man, mingled with snatches of songs derived from his wasted hours of pot-house revelry, and his unwavering efforts to draw from every one he meets the means of supplying his potations, complete a picture, drawn evidently from the life, and here colored by the skillful touch a true artist."

On the occasion of the opening of the Vaudeville Theatre, under management of Messrs. James, Thorne and Montague, in 1870, with For Love or Money, Mr. Honey took the part of Major Buncombe, and who that has seen him in the part will ever forget his memorable Our Mr. Jenkins, at the same theatre, in Albery's pretty and witty comedy, Two Roses? In May, 1872, in a revival of Money at the Prince of Wales', Mr. Honey was entrusted with the part of Graves, which, by the way, he had played previously when Mr. Barry Sullivan, in 1869, commenced management at the Holborn Theatre. Again we may refer to the opinion expressed in our columns:—"Mr. George Honey, who has before delighted the play-going public by his clever acting as Graves, here renews his strong claim to their admiration. Carefully subduing all tendency to extravagance, he presented the lugubrious gentleman in the truest spirit of comedy; and his sudden hilarity in song and dance into which he is betrayed by the shrewd Lady Franklin—played with the utmost finish by Mrs. Leigh Murray—gained for both the actor and actress a recall at the end of the diverting situation." Of Mr. Honey's later impersonations, one of the most popular was his Cheviot Hill in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's farcical comedy Engaged, produced at the Haymarket in October, 1877. He not very long since visited America, and throughout the States made many warm friends and admirers. Mr. Honey's only appearance on the theatrical boards since the seizure at the Prince of Wales', above referred to, was one of the jurymen in The Trial from Pickwick, for Mr. Beltord's benefit. His last public performance was at St. James' Hall, for the recent benefit of Mr. Fred Burgess, on which occasion he contributed to the programme a song.

The Much-Abused "Supe."

The London Saturday Review speaks a word for a class of persons who contribute largely to public amusement in an humble way: "The theatrical super is a person whom the careless playgoer is apt to regard with indifference. The historical importance of the parts which he is constantly summoned to assume has somehow failed to win for this unfortunate performer the fame which would seem to be his desert. He is at one moment a knight in armor, at another the favorite of a king; and yet the illusion of the stage is powerless to raise him to the dignity of his position. However worthily he may bear a banner or wave a sword, the secret of his identity is still studiously withheld from the public; and if the piece in which he is engaged proves a failure, the force of popular derision not unseldom lights upon his wholly innocent contribution to the dullness of the entertainment. Indeed, where he is not altogether neglected, he is very likely to be treated with ridicule and contempt. His name never finds its way on to any playbill, and his individuality is merged in a motley crowd of courtiers, officers of the guard, and attendants. If his armor is not a perfect fit there is always some wag in the gallery ready to announce the fact to the audience; if his sword, as will sometimes happen even in the best-regulated stage army, becomes entangled in his legs, the incident is greeted with peals of laughter, and the unfortunate culprit is hooted off the stage, only to receive the curses of the hero, whose stately exit has been unluckily interrupted.

"It is somewhat surprising that, amid the many reforms of the modern stage, the claims of the super still remain unrecognized. The constant protests against what is known as the 'star' system have never taken account of the super's modest and necessary exertions; and even the vaunted regime of the Comedie Francaise does not afford a means of bringing the exercise of his talents directly to the notice of the world. It would be scarcely wonderful if such long and persistent neglect had bred in the super himself a cynical disposition. The titles and dignities so freely lavished upon him, and even the splendid raiment in which he is clothed, can only serve to reinforce the conviction of his own personal obscurity. Bitterly resenting the unmerited neglect he is fated to endure, the super must doubtless secrete in the course of a long career, some trenchant and withering criticisms upon the heroes he is called upon to serve. The confessions of a super would form a very interesting contribution to dramatic literature. The publication of such a document could not but serve to lessen the pretensions of a number of eminent performers, and it may be doubted whether even the opinions of a valet-de-chambre would more effectively undermine the foundations of an actor's glory. There is perhaps no immediate danger of such a terrible exposure. The super has not yet realized the extent of his power."

—The Harrisons, under the management of M. W. Hanley, open season August 30. B. E. Woolf has written for this clever company an eccentric-musical comedy entitled Photos. Six of the brightest lights of the burlesque stage are included in the album of Photos—Alice Harrison and her brother Louis, R. E. Graham, Carrie Daniels, Therese Wood, and Donald Harold. Others are being added, and when the list is completed, judging from the above selections, there will not be a stronger party in the field of the present popular form of entertainment.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Victor Hugo has expressed satisfaction at Bartet's stepping into Bernhardt's shoes.

Blondin's rival, Thompson, has been killed at Pesth by falling from the rope at great height.

Mr. Sam Hague, proprietor of the minstrel company at St. James' Hall, Liverpool, has filed a petition for liquidation.

Osmund Tearle, the new leading man at Wallack's, is now playing Hamlet in the British provinces, and is favorably noticed.

Mr. Mapleson has engaged Fraulein Lily Lehmann, the celebrated German primadonna, whose success at Berlin rivaled that of Minnie Hauk.

E. A. Sothern has again shown the deep interest he takes in the welfare of the Royal General Theatrical Fund by another handsome donation of £100.

It is not unlikely that Mr. Wills' version of Rienzi, the last act of which has just been delivered to Mr. Irving, will form the autumn novelty at the Lyceum Theatre.

On dit, that Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, Doctor Clyde, is likely to be produced in London during the ensuing season, at either the Haymarket or the Criterion.

George Lancaster's comedietta, Shakespeare on the Brain, which was to have been produced at the Gaiety, is postponed until the Autumn, owing to the French plays and other engagements.

The success of School, now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre, may be considered assured, no less than sixteen hundred pounds ($8,000) being taken during the week ending May 22.

Faustine, Sir Charles Young's new drama, will be played at the Olympic Theatre, London, on June 14, supported by the author, Sir William Magnay, Hon. Mrs. Wrottersley, and Lady Monckton.

The Dantes, who are nightly appearing at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, are still very successful, although the business fell off during the past week. However, they hope to play in London till Christmas.

The people's caterer, Mr. William Holland of the Surrey Theatre and North Woolwich Gardens, has signified his intention of giving a fete to American professionals now in town on July 4, at his beautiful Gardens.

The management of the Vaudeville have again been unfortunate in the selection of a play; and Jack and Jills, from the pen of James Albery, produced May 29, can only be called the weakest of plays ever written.

J. R. Planche died after a distressing illness, on Sunday morning, May 30, in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Planche may be remembered for the designs he furnished Mr. Kemble for several Shakespearean productions, and his many contributions to dramatic literature.

Edmund Garden, an excellent actor of character parts, formerly with Macready at Covent Garden, and for many years at the Adelphi, is dead, at the age of fifty-eight. He was the father of the clever comedian E. W. Garden, now a member of Mr. Toole's company at the Folly.

The following is a list given by the Parisian of the oldest dramatic authors in France, and the date of their birth: Paul Rozier, March 16, 1798. Etienne Arago, February 9, 1802. Leon Halevy, February 14, 1802. Arsene de Cey, March 3, 1803. Philippe Deforges, April 5, 1803. De Leuven and Gustave Lemoine, 1808.

The French season at the Gaiety is once more in thorough working order, and the plays being produced are as follows: Adrienne Lecouvreur, Phedre, by Racine; and Les Enfans d'Edouard. Although the company are a success, still there is not the great excitement experienced last year. The Prince of Wales and many other distinguished personages have already visited the theatre.

In November last, Mr. Benjamin Webster was ordered by the Court of Chancery, to hand over to Messrs. Gatti, in connection with the London Adelphi, the sum of $250,000 within six months, interest, costs, etc. This sum was paid by Mr. Webster's son-in-law, Mr. Edward Lawson Levi, of the Daily Telegraph. Thus, the money which Mr. Webster lost by papering, is ultimately paid out of a paper.

Mr. Mapleson's opera season in London seems to have been largely occupied so far with experiments, not all of them very wise. He has been fortunate, however, in the engagement of the German soprano, Lilli Lehman, who personated one of the Rhine Daughters, and also one of the Valkyries in the Wagner performance at Bayreuth in 1876, and was greatly admired in the remarkable company of artists gathered there.

Negotiations have been opened with Mr. Irving for the appearance at the London Lyceum during the Summer vacation next year of the entire company of the Ducal Court Theatre of Saxe-Meiningen. The repertory of the proposed English performances will comprise both comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare, together with the received German acting version of the Faust of Goethe, beside the principal plays of Schiller and German versions of Moliere.

George Barnwell has been transferred from the London Gaiety to the Olympic, and its reception by a crowded audience was, to say the least, mixed. No one knew whether to laugh or cry. The stalls ultimately decided to be irreverent, and treated the whole thing as a burlesque. The impassoned acting of Mr. Crauford and Miss Willes, well supported as they were by Mr. Maclean and Miss Louis, failed to make the dreary play go.

Louis Engel writes: "Mme. Albani sings charmingly, and is sure to please when she lets herself alone, and does not stick tasteless floritures into the composition which she has to interpret, thereby spoiling the style of work without benefit to herself. The way she has of distorting her pretty mouth is a double crime to the eye and to the ear. Her sweet voice, her charming pianissimo, that amiable halo of youth and grace that surrounds her, ought to find untroubled recognition."

At Rehearsal.

There as we stand, and when I say "my love,"
I'll to your side a trifle closer, so!
Good! Now I put my arm around your waist,
Your cue to whisper "Ernest, dear, you know."

That's right, I think! Ah, what is that you say?
The stage directions only say "a kiss."
Let's see the book. Upon my word, you're right!
And I took two, which clearly was amiss.

I'm glad you called attention to the slip.
Wait till I con the book a moment, then:
For fear my treacherous memory play me false,
Suppose we just run through the scene again.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

DOINGS OF PLAYER FOLK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Mirror Letter-List.

The NEW YORK MIRROR has a department for the reception and forwarding of letters. Members of the Profession can register their names and addresses and have their mail matter forwarded daily, free of charge, saving delay. Only such letters are advertised as require stamps, or where the address is unknown.

Ackerman, Irene
Allen, W. N.
Allen, Eloise
Brand, Michael
Brown, Harry M. (3)
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Berger, Fred G.
Batchelder Josie
Belden, Clara
Boissert, M. Armand
Carroll, J. W. (2)
Clarke, Kit
Cavendish, Ada
Cone, Spence
Chandos, Alice
Church, Edw. A.
Comley & Bartin.
Clark, Harry
Curtis, G. J.
Dobson, Frank
De Castro, M.
Davis, C. L. (2)
Douglas, Clara
Darling, C. W.
De Astee, Helen
Emmet, J. K.
Elmore, Florence
Fuller, George
Filmore, Miss
Gayler, Frank (2)
Grau & Wolfsohn
Goodwin, Nat
Grismer, J. R.
Grey, Miss Amy (2)
Green, C. S.
Hall, Clinton.
Hall, Tom J.
Hofele, F. W. (2)
Howard, John
Ingersoll, Robert
Jackson, Minnie
Jefferson, Chas. (2)
Jarrett, H. C. Esq. (2)
Kiralfy Bros.
Levanion, Alfred
Logan, Geo. W.
Lynwood, Ada
Mackay, F. F. (2)
McCullough, John (2)
Mitchell, W. C.
Murray, John
Mitchell, Maggie
Moniger, John
McKay, Andy
Morton, Charles
McDonough, E. M.
Neville, Charlotte
Oates, Alice
Pixley, Annie (2)
Powers, W. H.
Pennoyer, A. S.
Ransone, J. W.
Raymond, J. T.
Rigby, James
Rice, E.(2)
Rosenberg, Charles
Salsbury, Nate.
Slavin, Mr.
Scott, Lester F.
Smith, John P.
Titus, Tracy
Taylor, James
Temple, Louise (3)
Vivian, Nina
Zimmerman, Ed.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ADELAIDE NEILSON, San Francisco this week.
ABBEY'S Humpty Dumpty Chicago this week.
ALL THE RAGE COMB., Boston this and next week.
ALVIN JOSLYN COMB., Iona, Mich., 17; St John 18; Fostoria, Ohio, 19; Pittsburgh 21, 22, 23.
DALY'S ARABIAN NIGHT Co., Buffalo 17; Detroit 18, 19.
DALY'S ROYAL MIDDY, Detroit, Mich., 17, 18, 19.
F. S. CHANFRAU, New York this week.
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S PIRATES, "A" Co., Chicago this week.
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S PIRATES, "C" Co., Atchison 17; Omaha 18; Council Bluffs 19; DesMoines 21; Ottumwa 22; Burlington 23; Davenport 24; Dubuque 25; LaCrosse 26.
GEO. HOLLAND'S COMB., Youngstown, O., 17, 18, 19; Sandusky 21; Lima 22; Ft. Wayne 23; Indianapolis 24, 25, 26.
HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS, Indianapolis 17, 18, 19; Brooklyn 28.
HAVERLY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, Boston this and next week.
JOHN P. SMITH'S TOURISTS, Boston, this week.
MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY, New York this week.
MAHN'S OPERA CO., Chicago 21, week.
NEIL BURGESS' WIDOW BEDOTT COMB., Topeka, 17; Kansas City, 18, 19; thence to San Francisco.
NEW YORK BIJOU OPERA CO., Chicago this week; St. Louis 21, week.
PAT ROONEY COMB., Pittsburg this week; New York 21, week.
TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CO., Lincoln, Neb., 17; Quincy, Ill., 22.
TONY PASTOR'S COMB., Dayton, 17; Cincinnati, 18, 19; Chicago 21, week.

Boston.

The Tourists have reigned successfully at the Park, and large as well as enthusiastic audiences have testified to the manager's wisdom in providing bright, light and lively entertainments for his patrons. The co. is fortunate in having so strong a force as that which is included in the Tourists co. Mr. Mestayer is a host in himself, while Harry Watson, Will Bray and Carrie Swain give as complete sketches as the modern stage has witnessed. This is the last week of the season at the Park, which has been a very brilliant one.

Globe Theatre: Closed.
Boston Museum: Closed.
Gaiety Theatre: Closed.
Howard Athenæum: Closed.
Hooley's Theatre: Closed.
Music Hall: Closed.

The Boylston Museum presents Fred Warren, Belle Fairmount, the Eight Megatherians, Nellie Abbott, John A. Henshaw, Alice Gleason and Maria Edson.

The Forest Garden has the Havana Circus and John Sheridan's specialty co. Sheridan and Courtright are the favorites.

At the Oakland Garden Haverly's Colored Minstrels appear at every performance. Business fair at both halls. Alfred Cellier has gone to Europe, but will return in the Fall, and will write the music for a poetical and musical burlesque on Tennyson's Maud, the libretto having been written by Earl Marble, the talented critic of the Budget. Miss Emmie Wilmot is recovering from her recent illness. Charles Stedman, Francis Coulter, and F. J. Hartshorn are in the city. Bartley Campbell has returned to New York.

The benefit tendered to Ed Byram and George Floyd was a success. Louis James played Armand Duval with great effect. It was one of the best performances of the season. Mrs. Booth was excellent, as she always is; her Camille found great and well deserved favor at the hands of the audience. E. N. Catlin has been re-engaged as leader of the Park orchestra for next season. John Braham has gone to Newcastle for the Summer. Octavia Allen, who is at present residing at Ocean Spring, is engaged with the Lawrence Barrett comb. for the heavy business. Janauschek will appear at the Globe Theatre in March next. The Vokes Family are coming to America, and will also appear at the Globe.

Mr. John Gilbert called upon your correspondent a few days since on his way to his residence in Manchester. Dr. Charles A. Guilmette died at his residence on Sunday from disease of the liver. He was the leading basso of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera co. when it visited this country in 1856, and appeared at the Howard Athenæum as Don Jose in Maritana, and acquired much celebrity in this role as well as the Count and Devilshoof in Bohemian Girl.

The death of John Brougham, though long expected by those who knew the inroads his disease had made upon his constitution, came as a shock upon them at last. With him passed away one whose name must be forever associated with the history of the stage in this country. When a man's life work is done at the end of a long and strenuous career thick crowded with noble deeds and lofty aims worthily wrought out, he may contemplate the approach of death calmly and without fear. But those who love him cannot, and however unmistakable the loosening hold on life, they are never so well prepared for the end as to receive it without surprise. For twenty years of my life I knew John Brougham intimately, and at such a time it cannot be out of season for me to make known the warmth and depth of my regard for him. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and he commanded it by my admiration of his genius as well as by my appreciation of his moral worth. It is not my present purpose to give an inventory of the characters that he had sustained nor catalogue his virtues. All valued him as the earnest, studious, striving actor, as conscientious in his art as he had been in his life, a faithful servant of the public, an honorable man and a most courteous gentleman. As husband, father and friend, his duties were ever faithfully and tenderly discharged, while his love for humanity was exemplified in deeds of charity and personal devotion. As Carlyle said of Walter Scott, so say I of John Brougham: "When he died he took a man's life out of the world with him." He always seemed just to have come from out-o'-doors; there was always about him the great freshness of pure air and the glory of new sunshine. And now not again to us shall be given the pressure of that open hand; to us the brightness of that laughing eye is dimmed, and the cheery voice that greeted the day and gave benediction to our nightly meeting, is silenced in the dust. How much of the happiness of many hearts lies entombed with thee!

Salsbury's Troubadours have been in Boston the past week having rehearsals at the Globe Theatre. Miss Sammuels, a beautiful singer, succeeds Miss Dingeon in the company.—If Salvini concludes to come to this country, which the probability is that he will, arrangements have been effected that Mme. Janauschek will play Lady Macbeth and Emelia to the Macbeth and Othello of the Italian actor.—Mr. John Stetson is in New York making engagements for next season.—Rose Temple (Mrs. J. H. Jones), who has been seriously ill for some time past, is rapidly improving and is now residing in the suburbs of Boston.—Emily Mestayer will accompany her son William to New York, remaining there until Mr. Mestayer sails for Europe.—Augustus Bruno did not appear with the Goblins Saturday night. A hasty departure was necessary on this occasion.

Chicago.

THE THEATRES.

McVicker's: Abbey and Hickey's H. D. co. third week to tolerable houses. They go hence to Cleveland 14th. Ford and McCaull's Bijou Opera co. open with Albery and Cellier's Spectre Knight and Rowe and Cellier's Charity Begins at Home. The co. consists of Carrie Burton, Mme. Marie Bauman, Annette Favor, Eugenie Maynard, Digby Bell, A. Macrery, William Herbert and F. Pearson. J. G. Saville is manager; and Frederick Leifels conductor. This novel entertainment seems just suited for the hot weather, and I am positive that this co. will do a nice business. 21st, Harry Mahn's Comic Opera co. in Boccaccio, its first production in Chicago.

Haverly's: Jay Rial, who used to be associated with Len Grover in the management of the old Adelphi, and afterward steered one of Grover's numerous and short-lived Boarding-House parties about the country, has now got what he calls the Ideal Uncle Tommers, assisted by several ferocious-looking bloodhounds, and a band of genuine coons who chant their plaintive melodies and "work in" as supers and in small speaking parts. Mr. Rial must be convinced that Uncle Tom is a devilish poor Summer attraction for Chicago. The houses have been very light—hardly enough taken in to feed the bloodhounds, who have, I understand, had to make up full meals by taking an occasional mouthful of nigger hide. The co. is a good one—for barns. Arthur Gregory whined Uncle Tom after the manner of his long line of predecessors in the part. L. R. Stockwell was not a very funny Marks. Charles Krone as Legree howled dreadfully. Mr. Rial should economize and reduce his live stock by making Mr. Krone do an invisible blood hound. Sallie Partington, who for eighty years has been playing Topsy and is still a good one, was recognized by all the aged theatre-goers in the house. Florence Elmore doubled Cassy and Mrs. St Clair, and didn't exert herself in either part, for which I don't blame her. Miss Elmore is a good actress when she chooses to be. The rest of the cast earned their money. All were nightly bathed in prespiration. 14th, Pirates of Penzance co. "A." Mr. H. C. Husted, who used to hold Harry Sargent's opera-hat and cling to his coat-tails, is managing this co. for Carte. 21st, Tony Pastor's co. I'll then have an opportunity to judge why your gentle Boston correspondent objected to the St. Felix girls.

Hooley's: Mr. James Collier's Celebrated Case co. have exerted themselves a week to please hot and uneasy audiences. Edmund Collier plays Jean Renaud, and rants frightfully. I believe Mr. Collier can make more noise than even Charles Krone of St. Louis. W. Scallan's O'Rourke would be amusing in cool weather. The rest of the co. are fair. 14th, Nathal's St. Louis Comic Opera co. in The Grand Duchess, Girofle-Girofla, and The Bells of Corneville. The co. includes Reca Murrilli, Charlotte Hutchings, Agnes Vedder, Louise Lester, James Vincent and M. Nathal. 21st, Joseph Murphy in Marsden's Kerry Gow,

Olympic: Hyde & Behman's excellent variety comb. have had a good second week here. It is one of the best shows of the kind ever seen in this city. I noticed it at length last week. The co. close their season to-night, and all return to New York with the exception of Hugh Fay, who has an engagement at the National. 14th, Mr. W. J. Cogswell appears in The Corsican Brothers, supported by Mrs. Stone-McHale-Frank and a co. Mr. Cogswell, on the strength of this engagement, is in good spirits—Chapin and Gore's oldest Kentucky sour-mash—and talks of traveling under the management either of Jack Haverly or Harry Abbey next season. At present Mr. Johnny Moynihan, a clever young fellow, is attending to the renowned Cogswell's business. 21st, Mr. Dalziel brings out The Ticket-of-Leave Man with Edward Buckley as Bob and Miss Dickie Lingard as Sam.

Grand Opera House: Closed.

Academy: Closed.

Lyceum: Boucicault's Colleen Bawn has been done here this week "by permission of the author." The venerable Miss Lord played Anne Chute. Fred Wren was engaged for 14th, but did not see any money in it, and so went to Buffalo, his old home. Mr. Robert Fox will take the house for next season. Mr. Fox will also be interested in the management of the new theatre now in process of erection on the North side.

Halsted Street: J. P. Kilbourne in The Swamp Angel past week. 14th, the celebrated Mr. Lew Warwick in The Marble Heart and Divorce. The complimentary benefit to Manager J. M. Nixon occurs 16th, afternoon and evening. The benefit is tendered by several prominent citizens of the West side, or rather their names are signed to the letter. The volunteers include Louis Warwick, J. A. Devlin, J. Winston Murray, W. J. Hurley, Alf. and Lulu Wyman, Frank Hartwell, Felix Vincent, Frank Moynihan, W. J. Cogswell, Joseph Clifton, John R. Allen, May Treat, Eva Vincent, the Chapman Sisters, etc.

National: 14th, Hugh Fay and Charles A. Gardner are the stars in a long bill commencing with Box and Cox, followed by Escaped from Joliet and Muldoon's Pic-Nic, the sketch so well done by the Hyde & Behman co. at the Olympic last week.

Items: I perceive that I have caused the "righteous indignation" of Mr. Charley Forbes to boil over. I never said that I objected to Mr. Forbes employing cheap performers, nor insinuated that he did not pay salaries promptly. I merely chronicled the fact that his show was run upon an economical basis. Regarding Mr. Forbes' little difficulty with Ed Clifford, I prefer to allow the latter gentleman to speak on this point, which depend upon it, he will be quick to do.—Tony Denier is in town looking sleek and contented. Tony deserves all the prosperity that is his.—Frederick G. Berger is likewise with us. Mr. Berger is superintending the job which the National Printing co. have in hand just now—the printing for Edgewood Folks, in which that good fellow, Sol Smith Russell, will play next season.—Gus Mortimer, who looks after Joe Murphy's business, is here. Joseph has a date at Hooley's 21st.—W. J. Cogswell says that Gen. Haverly came to town solely to negotiate with him (Cogswell); whether to star in The Corsican Brothers, or to black-up as a dummy in the Mastodons' first part, I don't know. Anyway the matter required the General's personal attendance.—Mr. D. Dalziel sends Oaken Hearts to Springfield next week. Fred Warde, Ed Buckley, F. R. Pierce, W. J. Hurley, Miss Lingard, Flora Newton and Amelia Waugh are of the party.—Gen. Haverly is at home. When he arrived, the General was clad in a miner's costume—blue flannel shirt, top boots, etc.—C. E. Lowe of Leadville has gone home, taking with him Tom Keefe, who has for some time been connected with Cambridge's Dramatic Agency, and a lot of variety women.—I am requested to state that Harry N. Clark is in town, which I cheerfully do, though Mr. Clark's exact status in the profession is unknown to me.—Mr. Harry J. Mortimer is said to have betaken himself to Colorado, where he will pass the Summer extracting the teeth of grizzly bears.—R. M. Hooley left for New York last night. He will be absent about a fortnight.—Manager McVicker came home yesterday. His stay with us will be short, as he returns to New York next week.—Mr. Jim Collier has taken a little run to St. Louis. He returns 14th, and goes East with his co. Mr. Collier's season has been successful.—The local press have just learned about the new theatre to be built on the North side. I told you about it several weeks ago. The architect is Adler, who made the designs for Central Music Hall and Hamlin's re-constructed theatre. Mr. Geo. Maxwell is to be manager, and Fred G. Maeder, stage and business manager. It is hoped the place will be ready to open Sept. 1.—Their Royal Ighnesses Leopold and Louise of the House of Guelph and suite occupied a box at Haverly's Monday night. The royal party seemed amused at Mr. Rial's niggers, but left as soon as Charles Krone (Legree) began to bellow.—Mr. David Dalziel of the Olympic, whatever may be alleged against him, has shown tremendous energy and pluck in keeping his head above water out in these western wilds. Mr. Dalziel, I understand, has a wealthy Chicagoan backing him next season, and his enterprises may be safely considered "solid."—Charles Roberts, lately connected with Hooley's Boston theatre, is now attached to the Chicago house.—Charles Forbes' co. closed season at Janesville, Wis., last week. Charles says that he will run two companies next season.—Byrne the Blackguard, during his stay in this city, has "hung out" mostly with S. M. Hickey. There isn't a copy of Byrne's penny sheet to be discovered upon our news stands.—Mr. Meander Gilman-Richardson's weekly re-hash of the Dramatic Nuisance no longer appears in the Sunday Times.—J. M. Hill is expected home within a few days.—Luke Schoolcraft is here.—Edwin Clifford's co. close season at Oshkosh 19th instead of 15th, and will be here 21st.

MUSIC.

Central Hall: For two weeks we have been afflicted with Curry and Finney's "Peerless" Pinafore co., and now we must stand eight more performances. The managers advertise the "only cool auditorium in the city," in order to capture the unwary. I prefer to swelter through the performances at McVicker's, Hooley's and Haverly's, where the entertainments promise to be enjoyable, even if the atmosphere be oppressive. With the close of next week I trust Messrs. C. and F. will have sunk all their money and thus "save the country."

Baum's Summer Garden: As delightful a resort as can be found in the city is this place, which is well managed by W. Lawrence Allen. Miss Dora Gordon Steele, the soprano, and Rosenbecker's fine orchestra are the attractions. Next week is the last of Miss Steele's engagement.

Local Items: Miss Lizzie Scanlan will appear in concert at Hershey Hall 22d. Miss Scanlan will be assisted by well known local talent.—Saalfield, manager of the New York Saalfield Ballad Concerts, is here and contemplates a series of concerts. Miss Jessie Couthoni, the young reader, is about to go to France to study for the dramatic stage, and a number of her friends are arranging a testimonial entertainment to be given at Central Hall week after next. Miss Abbie Carrington, soprano, and the Liesegang Quartet are engaged.—The musical reception by the pupils of Carl Wolfsohn last Tuesday evening was well attended and a most enjoyable occasion. Mr. Wolfsohn takes a trip to Europe in July.—Miss Amy Fay, a most accomplished pianiste, gives a recital in Fairbank Hall Wednesday afternoon.—Miss Jennie Dutton has been engaged as principal soprano at Grace Episcopal Church.—The Hershey School of Musical Art has issued its programme for the normal Summer term of five weeks, beginning July 7 and ending August 10.—W. H. Sherwood of Boston gives five piano recitals; H. C. Eddy, five organ recitals; song recitals by "Prof." James Gill, Mrs. Grace Hiltz-Gleason and May Phœnix; five chamber-concerts by Messrs. Eddy, Lewis and Eichheim; two piano recitals by Eva Mayers; and two organ recitals by A. F. McCawell.—M. Louis Nathal, whose comic opera co. are to be at Hooley's next week, was formerly buffo of the Postee and Aimee troupe.—The cast of the Grand Duchess at Hooley's, 14th, is Charlotte Hutchings as the Duchess; Agnes Storrs Vedder, Wanda; George Weeks, Fritz; W. Luard, Prince Paul; and M. Nathal, General Boum.—In Girofle-Girofla Miss Reca Murrilli (formerly of H. B. Mahn's co.) sings the title-roles; Charlotte Hutchings, Aurora; Agnes S. Vedder, Pedra; and Nathal, Mourzouk. In The Bells of Corneville, Reca Murrilli is Serpolette; Miss Hutchings, Germaine; and James Vincent, Gaspard.

Brooklyn.

Haverly's: Mitchell's Pleasure Party, an organization of five people, occupied this stage last week in a farcical trifle called Our Goblins. The sketch, or whatever it may be termed, is the work of William Gill, the author taking a most prominent part in its recital. A mere thread of plot serves as a medium for the introduction of numerous songs, duetts, quartets, jokes and witticisms, the latter ranging from fair to bad. The story, what little there is of it, is that of five tourists from America, making a Summer jaunt upon the Rhine. Fatigued with mountain climbing, the leader of the party indulges in a nap, while his companions retrace their steps to a village in the vicinity, to ascertain the cause of delay in the bringing of a lunch that had been ordered by them. During the dreamer's period of somnolence, he seems to live in a past age, encountering all the personages that figure in the legend concerning the spot where he is sleeping, and which had been related to him by one of his friends just before he had composed himself for a doze. The cast numbers the following people: William Gill, Benjamin Franklin Cobb (Ludovico); Francis Wilson, Alfred Comstock Silvermine (Baron Adolph Von Schwartztruden); Augustus J. Bruno, Octavius Longfellow Warbler (Franz); Elmor Deering, Mrs. B. F. Cobb (Countess Agatha Von Smithers); Amy Gordon, Lillie St. Aubyn (Wilhelmina). The names inclosed in parentheses are those of the people seen in the dream. Our Goblins make but a poor impression for some time after the rising of the curtain, but as the action progresses, a constant improvement is noticeable, so that when the termination is reached, the effect in its entirety is found to have been a pleasing one. Of the people employed, Mr. Gill is the most prominent. He is omnipresent, and does his best to please, but for all that fails of being as amusing as when seen in regular burlesque. Mr. Bruno has toned down considerably, and not being so redolent of the variety stage as when seen earlier in the season with the Tourists, proves far more acceptable than formerly. Francis Wilson, though clever in many respects, ere he can be found thoroughly acceptable to the majority of his hearers, speaking in the slang parlance of the day, should at once rid himself of some pronounced "Charley-fied" capers and mannerisms, in the display of which he seemingly delights. The ladies have but little to do; Amy Gordon, who possesses a sweet and well-cultivated voice, reminds me, in style of vocalism, very forcibly of Miss Dingeon, recently of the Troubadours. The attendance of the week, considering the time of year, was remarkably good. The three final attractions for the current season at this house, are June 12, Angie Schott troupe in Trifles; June 19, Annie Ward Tiffany; June 26, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. The theatre closes after performance of Saturday, July 3.

Hyde & Behman's: Contrary to previous announcements, the season at this establishment was brought to a close last Saturday evening, instead of continuing until July 3, as was contemplated. The final week's features comprised Sol and Julia Aiken in a sketch, The Deitcher Gearl; Favor and Shields, song-and-dance; Mlle. Barretta and Minnie Lee, serio-comics; Hogan Brothers, song-and-dance; Reynolds and Oaks; The Four Emeralds (Gibbons, Russell, Kenedy and Magee); The Big Four, Smith, Allen, Morton and Martin. The whole terminating with Aunt Hannah's Pie. Business at each performance averaged fair.

Items: Billy Barry will be tendered a complimentary benefit at Hyde & Behman's, on Saturday evening, June 19.—There are but three places of amusement now open in this city: Haverly's, Olympic and Court Square—the two latter being given over to inferior variety performances.

San Francisco.

June 8.—Those that had bought seats for Neilson's opening night were sadly disappointed, for a doctor's certificate posted at the entrance of Baldwin's Academy, last night, notified them that on account of a severe neuralgia affection, Miss Neilson would have to postpone her appearance till to-night, which was a bitter pill to swallow, for the public as well as the management. More than four-fifths of the tickets sold were redeemed.

This is rather an inauspicious beginning for the Neilson engagement, and the knowing ones shake their heads and predict a mild failure. The San Francisco public do not take kindly to raised prices, especially if the artist in question has been here before, and Manager Maguire, the old veteran; ought to know that by this time, but, to use his own words, he "goes the whole hog or none."

To-night Miss Neilson will appear in Cymbeline, to be followed by As You Like It, and next week Twelfth Night, in which she will receive the support of James O'Neill in addition to Mr. Compton and the efficient stock company this theatre can boast of.

"It is an ill wind," etc., proved true last night at Baldwin's, for the disappointed ones went en force to the Bush Street Theatre, where Boccaccio received its initial performance. Emilie Melville played and sang the title role to perfection, and in fact as an opening night every thing went well and smoothly, betokening frequent rehersals and efficient stage management. The music is in Suppe's happiest vein, which, especially in the trios and duets, fairly captivated the audience. The dialogue, and especially the spoken parts, are too long and need pruning considerably, as it was nearly midnight before the curtain fell. Taken all in all, Manager Locke seems to have scored another success with this opera, which seems to be up for a run.

That times are hard here in California may be surmised from the fact that only the above theatres are open—of course not counting the minor theatres and music halls, of which there are some five or six.

The principal variety theatre—the Bella Union—and the Adelphi Theatre are giving some fair performances, on which I shall dwell at some future time.

Items: Of gossip there is a perfect lack, which is rather unusual in this city.—Belle Chapman, formerly of the California Theatre, was married May 18, to young Hawley, son of a hardware merchant of this city—which is a sad disappointment to a certain stock-broker of this city, who carried a complete collection of Miss Chapman's photographs nearest his heart for several seasons past. He will sell them now at half-price.—Annis Montague, late of the Melville Opera Co., left for Honolulu by yesterday's steamer. As the lady is engaged to Mr. Turner of the same co. (now playing in Boccaccio), I may have to report also his departure by next steamer.—Bandmann has organized a co. consisting of himself and a few stellar lights, such as Georgia Woodthorpe, Louise Beaudet, Willie Simms, etc., and will visit Portland, Oregon, next week.—Sam Piercy is still in town, and rumor has it that he intends staying here, and what is more, take a hand at the managerial reins. The Standard is mentioned as the height of his ambition, with Jeffreys-Lewis as leading lady.—Barton Hill's benefit proved to be a mild affair—in a pecuniary sense—as only $300 is mentioned as his share of the receipts.—Manager Charles Locke of the Bush Street Theatre has sent a company on the road to do the Pirates under his own management.—Mr. Scanlan and Rachel Sanger leave for the East to-morrow.—At the Tivoli Hattie Moore and Harry Gates are the main attractions, in La Perichole, to be followed soon by a new opera by Strauss, called Die Fliedermaus.

Colorado.

DENVER.

Forrester's Opera House (N. C. Forrester proprietor): 7th, Fay Templeton Star Alliance opened in Maritana, to a fair audience, which continues during their engagement. Tuesday night, Chimes of Normandy. Wednesday, Miss Multon and Aimee; Thursday matinee, Chimes repeated, and closing Thursday 10th, with Chou Flouri and Fay's Farewell. This is a very clever party—Fay Templeton, Alice Vane and Harry Buckley deserving especial mention. Booked: Haverly's Widow Bedott 28th, Tony Denier's party and Gardiner's Minstrels in the near future; definite date not yet fixed.

Wahalla Hall: Closed as to professional business.

Palace Theatre: Closing—Sadie Melville, Baby McDonald and father—destination unknown. Opening—J. Arthur Doty, female impersonator. The feature of this place is the wardrobes worn by the ladies.

Academy of Music: Departures—Tillie Bouton and Lizzie Shelton. No destination at present. Opening—The Great Razzilias, high kickers and leg mania artists, and Lottie Ward.

Items: Lillie Hasson died here on the 5th, and was buried 7th, by her friends in the profession. Miss Hasson was only a short time ago one of the leading variety stars in this section of the country. She leaves a mother, sister and husband.

Connecticut.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House: On Tuesday evening D'Oyly Carte's Pirates appeared before a large and fashionable audience. Their performance was a great improvement upon their previous one in this city, as new people had been secured for Mabel and Frederic It is doubtful, however, if the Pirates eve. become the success which Pinafore and Fatinitza have. This week we are to have Daly's co. in The Royal Middy on Wednesday, and Harrigan and Hart's comb. on Friday. Mr. Daly's name is not a guarantee in Hartford for a first-class show, as he has allowed his name to be used too freely by people whom he would not tolerate upon his own boards, and it will tell against his house. His Arabian Night co. here some time since was very fair and had some good people, but the filling up was very "off." If this should prove to be a similar co., Mr. D. had better skip Hartford in future. Harrigan and Hart will draw well upon their metropolitan reputation, and will, I doubt not, give a good performance.

New National Theatre: This house is to be opened for a single week by the Spencer and Watson specialty comb. Most of the names are new here, and much will depend on their opening night. The people are Irene Le Cloque, Lizzie Laning, Alice Hale, Fannie Steck, Alice Montello, Lizzie Devoe, Kate Watson, Clara Stanley, Lizzie Howard, the Russells, James and John, Bobby Williams, Al Decker, Walter Mack, Burt Watson, Charlie Sherman and Lottie Reynolds; with A. A. Spencer as one of the proprietors and business manager. Such an array of names ought to presage a good show, but the "proof of the pudding," etc., and I will tell you next week.

BRIDGEPORT.

The Rice Evangeline troupe appeared 7th, to a small audience, and gave a poor entertainment. Mlle. Jarbeau, as Evangeline, made quite a hit. Miss Searle has a fine voice, but cannot act. Messrs. Hunter and Fortesque were as funny as ever. The Olympic Novelty troupe, that were to give an entertainment in the Opera House, Saturday evening, came to an untimely end on that night. There was only one ticket sold. Consequently there was no show. There were fourteen people in the co., and no money in the treasury, and the men pawned various articles of their wardrobe, in order to secure money enough to get back to New York. The lady members had their fares paid to New York.

NEW HAVEN.

Grand Opera House: During the past week we were favored with a reappearance of D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance. The chorus showed that they had been subjected to much training, while the soloists oftentimes made themselves conspicuous by their poor singing.

Coe's Opera House: Daly's Royal Middy co. announced for 17th. 19th is held for Harrigan & Hart.

Illinois.

LA SALLE.

Opera Hall: Donavan's Tennesseans to a good house 1st. "Golden Years are Passing" was rendered well. Mr. Coleman, baritone, and Mr. Stewart, tenor, have much improved. Their season will close July 23. For the Summer they will remain at Clear Lake, Iowa.

QUINCY.

Opera House: The opera Pirates of Penzance was rendered 8th by D'Oyly Carte's opera co. The attendance was only fair, owing to election excitement, threatening weather and lateness of the season—far too small for so large a co. and for so meritorious a performance. The opera and its presentation were a very pleasant surprise to the audience. It was the impression that a great similarity existed between the Pirates and Pinafore, but that belief was soon dispelled by the superior class of music and the vivacious dialogue so pleasant to an audience.

Mr. Marks as the Pirate Chief, Mr. Pfau as Frederick, Mr. Gillow as General Stanley, Miss Walsh as Mabel and Mme. Mott as the Piratical Maid, were excellent in acting and singing, and were enthusiastically applauded. Miss Walsh won an encore for her solo in the first act, as did General Stanley. The chorus was fine and the orchestra a pleasant feature of the entertainment. Taken as a whole it was one of the finest entertainments of the season. 12th, the Wallace comb. appear in a benefit performance for L. D. Simmons, stage carpenter at Opera House, producing Miss Mufton. Tony Denier's co. 21st.

AURORA.

W. C. Coup's United Shows 10th, to two full tents.

ROCK ISLAND.

Harper's Theatre: Neil Burgess, as Widow Bedott, played to a large house 8th. Aside from the "Widow," the Melissa Bedott of Mrs. George Stoddart was the only character worthy of notice. The Florence Herbert Dramatic troupe are booked for 21st, one week.

Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The legitimate theatres have been closed the entire week. Haverly's Minstrels will appear for three nights and matinee 17th. The Fisk Jubilee Singers will give two concerts in the city at Roberts Park Church, commencing 14th. The variety theatres have played only to light business the week. Both Crone's Garden Theatre and Gilmore's Garden are giving passable entertainments, with much of the credit of a good show to the latter place. A grand musical festival will take place at the Park Theatre 18th and 19th, under the auspices of the Mænnerchor Society.

RICHMOND.

Theatres closed during past week and nothing booked. Sid France was in town 8th. He joined Bartine's Circus 9th, at Decatur, Ind. James Dobbins, general manager Bartine's Five-Clown Circus, returned home 8th, after a short but prosperous tour.

EVANSVILLE.

Apollo Theatre: Closing 13th, Grace Garland and Julia Walcott, to Fort Wayne; W. T. Melville to Chicago. Arrivals 14th: Mlle. Eugenie, skipping rope artist; Jennie Leslie, serio-comic, and Alfred McDowell, comedian.

BLOOMINGTON.

Opera House (Tillotson and Fell managers): 4th, Pirates of Penzance, to a large audience. A good entertainment, giving entire satisfaction.

Item: 9th, Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," to crowded tents.

KOKOMO.

Opera House: Closed for season. Manager D. T. McNiel will continue at the helm the coming season.

Circus: Col. Hayward's Circus is billed for 11th, but it is rumored that the concern has succumbed.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House: Coming 14th, Philip Phillips. Reserved seats nearly all taken.

PERU.

Inter-Ocean Circus 4th, to big business.

Iowa.

KEOKUK.

Our city has been rather dull as far as theatrical news is concerned. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance visited us 7th, and played to a very large house. The event in which the citizens are most interested takes place 14th, it being the opera of Martha, given by amateurs.

Items: Cole's Circus will be here July 5.—The plans for our new opera house are progressing finely. Several of our prominent citizens have visited Chicago and St. Louis to examine their places of amusement. I think when our opera house is finished it will be a little gem. The site, as predicted, is very near the old opera house. It was bought a few weeks since. The house will probably be completed by Fall.

DAVENPORT.

Burtis' Opera House: Haverly's Widow Bedott co., with Neil Burgess, came 9th, to good house. Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 10th, to an overflowing house. While doing the stilts performance the extreme warmth of the house caused Mr. Adams to faint and fall heavily to the stage floor. He was quickly restored, and after a lapse of half an hour reappeared, amid tremendous applause. It is almost impossible to use the opera house during the warm weather, on account of poor ventilation.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

The Military Dramatic co. from Omaha, assisted by twenty ladies, came 9th to fair business. Quite a good entertainment. Billed: Widow Bedott, 12th; Tony Denier, 14th; The Inter-Ocean, twelve shows combined in one, 22d. Booked: D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance, 22d.

Items: W. H. Strickland, general agent Widow Bedott, has been laying here quite sick for a few days, but was taken over to Omaha 11th.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty and Standard co. came 7th, to a packed house. Tony has an excellent co., and gives good satisfaction. Pirates of Penzance booked for 29th.

Item: P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" July 15.

Kansas.

TOPEKA.

Crawford Opera House: Coming: D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance 15th. The box sheet opens 12th, and a full house is sure. Haverly's Widow Bedott comb., with Neil Burgess, 17th, which closes the house for this season.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's: Closed this week. Booked 14th, 15th, and 16th, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. The advance "take" is large.

Knickerbocker: Good-sized audiences during the past week, and the array of talent was first-class in every particular. The auditorium looks very cool and inviting with its fresh coat of paint and one side open to admit a constant flow of fresh air, to fan the fevered brows of our Main street merchants, their country customers, etc., who attend this elegant amusement resort nightly, to drive away the dull cares of business. Manager Borden deserves the thanks of our best citizens for establishing the first Summer theatre that has ever run in this city sucessfully. The show this week opened with a female first part, with Lew Collins and Billy Baker on the ends, and Frank Collins interlocutor, followed by Leonard and Flynn, in their sketch entitled After Landing, Stella Bertram in motto songs, Maggie Barsel in skipping-rope dances, Collins Bros. (in their third week) in silver statue clogs, Ella Arnold in serio-comic songs, Hayden Quartet in plantation songs, (they will be known hereafter as THE MIRROR Quartet), Minnie Bertram in character changes, Sellon and Burns in a new sketch written for them by W. H. Foley, entitled The College Students, in which their glove set-to was the principal feature; the performance concluding with a laughable sketch, entitled Embassador's Ball. New faces 14th: Smith and Leopold, May Vernon, the Whitings, Charles and Annie, the Catletts, Lew and Lulu, the Mendels, Harry and Leon, the Etzeltine Sisters, and Charles and Lillie Carwell.

Metropolitan: This house closes a prosperous season to-night (12th). 14th, Manager Whallen takes his benefit. It is not settled yet whether he will run this house next season or not, as it has been advertised for lease or sale. Mr. Whallen informs us that he has had quite enough of the "loud" show business, and prefers to embark in some business more suited to his tastes. Although, if the place is not disposed of before three weeks, he will be under obligations to continue to run it.

Sundries: Macauley's beautiful theatre will be thoroughly renovated for next season in an elaborate manner, and the genial John T. Macauley will continue as its manager, with the handsome Eugene Elrod as treasurer. They have booked the very best attractions on the road.—Alice Bateman, the fascinating clog dancer, is spending her summer vacation in this city.—The Collins Bros., Lew and Frank, open at the Vine Street Opera House, Cincinnati, 14th, for two weeks.—James Fennessy, dramatic agent and treasurer of Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, was in the city this week, and favored us with a call. He says THE MIRROR is the leading dramatic paper in Porkopolis, outselling the "Dramatic Nuisance" two to one. In this city it is three to one, and still a booming.—Mr. Macginnis, secretary of the Louisville Exposition, has returned from the East, where he has secured many novelties for the fall opening, which commences September 7, and closes October 23.—James Carr, comedian, on the opening night of his second week, was discharged by Manager Borden of the "Knick," for appearing upon the stage intoxicated. We are sorry to see a performer of Mr. Carr's ability conduct himself in this manner. This is the fourth time to our knowledge that performers have been discharged from the "Knick" for this offence, and it is about time they were learning how to conduct themselves during an engagement.—John Morrissey opens at the Vine Street Opera House, Cincinnati, 21st. John leaves a host of friends behind him in this city.—The Moore Bros., city bill-posters, are putting up a large number of new bill boards for next season. They already have the largest number in the town, one of them being on the corner of Green and Third streets, opposite the Post Office, and is the largest one in the city, being 200 feet long and 16 feet high. Advance agents visiting this city will do well to give this firm their paper, as it will be posted according to contract, and not sold to rag dealers. THE MIRROR will always be found on file at their office on Jefferson street, between Third and Fourth.—The Masonic Temple, Louisville Opera House, and Davis' Theatre are closed.

LEXINGTON.

Opera House: Closed and undergoing thorough repairs. Nothing booked until August 25.

Items: James A. Grinstead, our noted turfman and banker, has a twenty year pass for himself and friends, signed by Col. Jack Haverly, entitling him to admission to any of the Colonel's numerous enterprises. They are old friends, but I understand the immediate cause of the presentation of the pass was that Haverly was feeling particularly well over the fact that he had won $7,000 on one of Grinstead's horses that ran at Chicago.—I mentioned in a previous letter that the Opera House at Paris, Ky., was to be rebuilt. Its manager, who was in the city 11th, informed me that he had received letters and propositions from scenic artists, stage carpenters, and theatrical furniture men from nearly every large city in the United States. I merely cite the above to show the extensive circulation of THE MIRROR, and that it is read and appreciated by all classes.

Maine.

PORTLAND.

This week brings to a close one of the most brilliant and successful seasons Portland has ever known—a season which has fully demonstrated the fact that our city will support a good theatre, and amply repay a good co. coming here. Such a theatre and such cos. has Manager Curtis given us, and he well deserves the thanks of the public for the attractions he has set before them. The last week of the season has been one of the best. 7th, 8th and 9th, J. M. Hill's co. appeared in All The Rage. The co. is a fine one, and very evenly balanced. Frank Hardenburgh as Dr. Goodwin, the Chiropodist, and William Davidge, Sr., as Dr. Briggs, have about made the piece. Both are immensely funny, keeping their audiences convulsed with laughter. Meta Bartlett gave a finished picture of the girl "whose heart forever bleeds." Jennie Yeamans, "a sprig of Satan," introduced a considerable amount of life into the piece—both character and name fit her well, her Julia Gale reminding one very forcibly of a juvenile hurricane. She dances very prettily,—and although "Pretty as a Picture" is not artistic, it takes well. Julia Coventry, as Cleopatra Braney, makes the most of a part that affords but few opportunities. She has improved very much since her last appearance here, with Boniface in Soldier's Trust, a co. which, by the way, played the longest engagement on record at the Portland Theatre, and of which poor Ben Porter was a member. The other characters were well taken. The co. labored under great disadvantages (the intense excitement concerning the Chicago Convention), notwithstanding that the returns were published from the stage. Added to this the fact that it rained steadily all through the engagement, made the houses much smaller than they otherwise would have been. 11th and 12th, Rice's Evangeline to crowded houses. The piece itself has lost nothing of its attractiveness during its long absence, and although the co. was not as good as we have had here, still the performance was very satisfactory. Mlle. Jarbeau combines a sweet voice with a fine figure, and acts the part of Evangeline with a charming vivacity and grace. Her rendering of the song, "Where art thou now, my beloved," was very fine, and received an encore at each performance. Louise Searle has improved wonderfully since her last appearance here, and played Gabriel much better than I anticipated. Rose Dana, as Eulalie, made much more of the part than any of her predecessors. She received a thoroughly deserved recall at each performance on a song introduced from The Corsair for her, and in her exit after it formed one of the prettiest stage pictures I ever witnessed. George Fortesque, as Catherine, was simply immense. Harry Hunter's Lone Fisherman was, as it has always been, perfect and inimitable. M. W. Fiske is not equal to the part of Le Blanc, especially before an audience who have seen Nat Goodwin's performance. Charles Rosine, in his Butler make-up, was excellent as Captain Dietrich, and the Heifer was as lively and graceful as ever. One great improvement was the appearance of a very pretty young lady with a superb figure as the Corporal, instead of the "nondescript" who formerly graced (?) the part; also the introduction of a number of young ladies as Ben's army. The piece was well mounted and finely costumed.

Item: Manager Curtis is pushing his project for a new theatre rapidly ahead.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.

Albaugh's Holliday Street Theatre: The benefit of William H. Bokee on Friday night was a fair success only, his friends not turning out in as large numbers as had been anticipated. Macbeth was given with a good cast, Mr. Bokee appearing in the title role. He is a good actor and played the part creditably. The Lady Macbeth of Miss Prudie Cole was, under the existing circumstances, a good one. This character, however, requires years of experience and study to be well done, and is too difficult entirely to be undertaken by a non-professional. S. K. Chester as Macduff, and Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard as Hecate, were excellent. Other characters were sustained by T. B. Gill, James Galloway, H. Langdon, Joseph Whittaker, John Reibert, S. W. Glenn, Lizzie Glenn, Irene Perselle, Mrs. Ada Kunkel, Addie Glen, and Mamie Kunkel. The performance concluded with the third act of The Lady of Lyons, Sophie Langdon Gilpin, J. A. Keenan, Jr., and Lillie Lee in the principal roles. During the evening Miss Cole, Mrs. Richings-Bernard and Miss Gilpin were presented with floral tributes by friends.

Catonsville Lyceum Hall: The Catonsville Amateur Musical Association have determined to present Eichberg's charming comic opera, The Doctor of Alcantara. To better insure its perfect rendition they have secured the services of Mrs. Zelda Seguin, the famous contralto of the Emma Abbott troupe. Mrs. Seguin is too well and favorably known in Baltimore to need any comment or eulogium; her name of itself will, I am sure, pack the house. She will be supported by Marie Bockel, Mme. Hammer and the excellent amateur talent which goes to make up the Association. They will give the opera on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights of the coming week. This association is the same one which sang Pinafore and Bohemian Girl so creditably last Summer, and it is to be hoped that they will, this year, meet with the success they so justly deserve.

Items: The theatres have all closed their doors. Friday night ended the short Summer season, which seemed to be devoted entirely to benefits.—Manager Kernan of the New Central Theatre usually keeps his theatre open all the year round, but this Summer he has gone to work to enlarge and remodel the house, and when it is done, it will be one of the coziest and nicest variety theatres in the South.—It will interest the many readers of THE MIRROR to know that the demand for the paper here in Baltimore is on the increase. Your correspondent dropped into the News Co.'s store a week or ten days ago and asked for THE MIRROR, but was told that they were sold out—could give him the News or Clipper.

Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD.

Pirates of Penzance 7th, to fair business. The opera was rendered finely, the chorus being especially good. Miss Reber as Mabel and Mr. Macrery as Frederick, were much superior to the parties who took the same parts on its previous presentation here. Rice's Evangeline 9th, to large business. Principal characters were very well taken, but the chorus was small and quite weak. Harrigan and Hart comb. 14th, is the only show billed for the present month.

GLOUCESTER.

Matters of interest to the dramatic profession remain quiet. Mat Leland, in charge of advertising car No. 1, arrived last week, and has left upon the boards a fine display of wall paper for the Great London Show. The baby elephant will draw a packed canvas on this occasion—July 5—and we trust the entertainment will meet with the expectations of the public in this vicinity.

SALEM.

Mechanic Hall: Haverly's Colored Minstrels played to a very light house 7th. Bray, Wambold and Ellis' Dime show return here for the week or longer, beginning 14th, and I have no doubt will repeat the success of two weeks ago. It is also rumored that the co. will go to the Willows for a short season.

HAVERHILL.

Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels 10th, to a large and refined audience, and gave a clean and excellent entertainment. Rice's Evangeline 16th. Cooper and Bailey's Circus 21st.

CHELSEA.

Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels played to a large and respectable audience. The troupe was well received.

LYNN.

Academy of Music: The Dime show has closed for good here, and there will probably be no entertainment for several months.

Michigan.

DETROIT.

Whitney's Grand: Haverly's Juvenile Opera co., or as they are now more appropriately called, Haverly's Wonders, played a short engagement of two nights and matinee to fair business, notwithstanding the intense heat. The co. remains materially the same as on their last visit here, and is really much more satisfactory than on its first visit. Friday night there was an unusually large house. Saturday night being the last of their season, Arthur Dunn made a speech, which was quite humorous, and contained some interesting facts concerning this remarkable organization. They go from here direct to New York, and will start out early in the Fall with two additions to their reportoire, viz: Merry Mariner, and Chimes of Normandy. They all were very, very sorry to part from their friend and manager, Mr. C. E. Blanchett, who remains here for the present.

Detroit Opera House: To-morrow night (14th) Tony Pastor will hold forth and treat his numerous admirers to a first-class variety entertainment, as he always does. Friday and Saturday nights and matinee, Augustin Daly's Arabian Night co., which ought to draw splendid houses, although Catharine Lewis will be missed by those who may have seen her original creation of the "Wild Rose of Yucatan" in New York. 22d and 23d, The conquerors; in minstrelsy, the Mastodons return. It is hoped that the house can hold the crowds they usually draw. June 21, Pat Reilly, Detroit's celebrated caracaturist, takes his first benefit, and there is no doubt but that this favorite comedian and artist will have a rouser. Mr. Reilly goes to New York to fill a three years' engagement.

Items: Ellen Cummins is visiting Mrs. T. W. Davey in this city.—John H. Havlin will be assistant manager of the Detroit the coming season.—Work on the new Music Hall is going on rapidly, and soon we will have something to be proud of.—The portraits in THE MIRROR are considered the finest by far of any theatrical paper in the country, and receive no end of compliments from its many subscribers in this city.

MUSKEGON.

Opera House: 7th and 8th, Ada Gray in The Magdalen and Camille, supported by Watkins' Fifth Avenue comb., advertising new co. stronger than ever. Hartz, week of 14th, canceiled.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House: Closed during past week, and things theatrical are exceedingly dull. The only attractions definitely booked are: C. L. Davis 14th and 15th; Daly's Arabian Night 24th and 25th; and Daly's Royal Middy 28th and 29th. Mr. Powers informs me that his house will undergo a thorough renovating during the Summer.

Item: The NEW YORK MIRROR can always be found at George A. Hall & Co.'s news depot.

KALAMAZOO.

The amusement season is over. All first-class cos. have played to good business. The largest of any through the season was Haverly's Juvenile Opera co.

Item: F. B. Whipple, of Whipple and Baldwin's Baby Opera co., writes that the co. has disbanded for the season. Whipple goes as special agent for the Forepaugh Circus. Nothing on the books at present.

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House: Notwithstanding the severe rainstorm that prevailed on the 4th and 5th, C. L. Davis drew fair houses. Manager Hyde reports the season's business of the co. remarkably good. The Nathal English Opera co. have dates latter part of the month. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance first week in July. Tony Pastor is also expected soon.

Circuses: 7th, the Sells Brothers' Millionaire Menagerie and Circus spread their mammoth tents and drew immense crowds at each performance. In the evening the tent was so densely packed that many were unable to obtain admittance. They give a very good show, and the largest and best collection of animals ever exhibited in St. Paul. The grand entree was a fine spectacle. Willis Cobb, equestrian manager, with his trained dogs, goats, and cattle, and James Robinson, the acknowledged greatest bareback rider, in the world, prove great attractions (and withal very pleasant gentlemen to meet). The Sells Brothers give their personal attention to the performances, using every effort to make the exhibition both moral and highly entertaining. One highly commendable feature of the management is the quiet, orderly conduct of the co. and all the employees, which is not usually the case in circus combinations. The general expression was that the co. should have remained in St. Paul two days instead of one. Your correspondent was treated most courteously by the Sells Brothers, who are readers of THE MIRROR, and wish it every success. Charles Stow is a live agent, and reports remarkably good business the entire route.

Items: Conley's varieties playing to fair business.—The versatile little actress, Katie Putnam, was in town 7th, on a flying visit to relatives. She will play several engagements in Minnesota and Dakota, en route to Montana.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave: Eichberg's Doctor of Alcantara was produced 7th, the cast embracing Stewart Harold, G. F. Hall, E. H. Knight, Messrs. Cutler, Collins and Shewell; Miss Manfred, Miss Clayton, Miss Blanche Adams and Miss Ruby Thornton. It was generally well sung and met with a good reception. The performance closed with Sullivan's musical version of Box and Cox. The weather has not become sufficiently settled for out-of door amusements, and the attendance has only been moderate. L'Elixir d'Amour is in preparation.

Pickwick Theatre: The production of Girofle-Girofla has met with fine success, and the opera has never been better presented in St. Louis. Louis Nathal's Mourzook is an exceeding clever piece of character acting. James Vincent was very funny and whimsical as Bolero, and George S. Weeks was acceptable as Marasquin. Of the ladies Reca Morrilli as Girofle-Girofla, Charlotte Hutchings as Aurore, Louise Lester as Paquita, and Miss Storrs Vedder were very good. The scenery was very beautiful, reflecting great credit on Mr. Chambers. The mechanical effects by Mr. Pinkston were also very ingenious. Next week Harriet Webb will read one or two evenings and the performance will be varied, the co. in the meantime going to Chicago to fill an engagement at Hooley's Theatre. The Opera di Camera will open 21st, and after their engagement Les Voltigeurs du 32-ieme will be given in the English dress. Mr. Henry Moore has finished the translation and it will be called Nichette; or, the Volunteers. It will be duly copyrighted. Considerable preparation is being made for this revival.

Miscellaneous: John W. Norton will remain in St. Louis until the races are over, then return to New York.—W. H. Stanley, the well-known tenor, is in St. Louis.—Messrs. Noxon and Toomey have just completed a new landscape drop curtain for Hayes' New Opera House, Olathe, Kas. They will leave on Sunday night for Rock Island, where they are engaged upon some extra work for Harper's Opera House.—Theatrical matters are generally very quiet this week.—May Fiske's Blondes have filled out another week at the Comique, to fair business.—Charlotte Hutchings of the Pickwick Theatre made her reappearance this week after a long and severe illness, and received a warm recognition.—Blanche Adams, an old favorite in St. Louis, was heartily welcomed back to Uhrig's this week.—W. Frank Coulter, agent for the Pickwick Theatre co., is in Chicago completing arrangements for their appearance at Hooley's Theatre.

ST JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House: McKnight's Naiad Queen 8th to 12th inclusive, with matinee, to an average fair business. Booked: Haverly's Widow Bedott 14th; Pirates of Penzance 18th and 19th; Tony Denier's H. D. 26th. Nothing booked as yet for July.

Items: Mark Thall, advance agent for Haverly's C. C. C. C., arrived in town 10th, having closed the season at Rockford, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Thall left for Denver 11th.—The Apollo Garden is doing a good business with several fine attractions.

Nebraska.

OMAHA.

Charlie Collins, Dutch comedian, as the new recruit in the military drama Reward, held the boards 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, giving general satisfaction and meeting with good houses. The co., which is composed for the most part of amateurs, play at Council Bluffs, Mo., 11th. Tony Denier's date has been changed from 15th to 16th. George H. Adams (Grimaldi) is with this co., and is reported as being strongly supported. Neil Burgess as Widow Bedott, now under the Haverly management, will play at the Academy 11th. Neil is sure of a good house. The Pirates of Penzance will be produced by Haverly's comb. 21st. Nothing new booked, and the prospects for the future are meagre.

Items: Emma Hendricks of C. L. Davis' co. was thrown from a carriage here and considerably injured, and was compelled to throw up her engagement in consequence. The lady is now recovering, but is unable to be about. She will have a benefit at the Academy 15th.

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.

Nothing in the theatrical line for the past two weeks. The New Orleans Minstrels, booked for the 10th, did not appear. A Dime show from Lynn is announced to open at Smyth's 14th, for one week. The London Show is coming 18th.

New Jersey.

NEWARK.

Grand Opera House: 11th, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, to a fair house. An excellent show. Booked: 22d, Harrigan and Hart's Mulligan Guard Surprise.

Fred Waldmann's Newark Opera House: 14th, the justly famous and original Green's Mockingbird Minstrels; Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers' Brilliant Comedy co.; special engagement of Lillie Hall's Grand Burlesque comb.

Waldmann's Mulberry Street Theatre: 14th, engagement of Mlle. Sarom's Female Minstrels and Novelty co. Specialties: Reno Stedman, Grace Stafford, Dolly Sharpe, Sam Lang, Frank George, the Hogan Brothers, Billy Kennedy, Saunders and Fasch, and a host of others.

New York.

SYRACUSE.

Grand Opera House: D'Oyly Carte's co. 11th, to a good house. The cast was fairly strong. Brocolini, as the Pirate King, is the best we have seen. Gen. Stanley, as rendered by J. E. Nash, was also a fine creation, while the Sergeant of Police, by J. H. Riley, was without doubt the cream of the opera. Sallie Reber, as Mabel, is a very conscientious young lady, and whatever she lacks in ability is amply atoned for in her evident desire to do her best. Macrery, as Frederick, on the whole would be pronounced good, but his voice is much worn and his gesticulation is decidedly stiff. The choruses were all fairly given, with the exception of the one by the "Policeman," which was very badly performed. Still, the co. is the better of the two which have visited us. An Arabian Night was given by one of Daly's cos. 12th. We think that the above co. is not in any way equal to the one which visited us in February last. John Drew is a much younger comedian than E. F. Thorne, and in the character of Spinkle is not half as funny as the latter gentleman. Still, Mr. Drew's efforts to please were well received. Wm. Davidge, Jr., as Signor Berrown, is hardly "heavy" (both physically and artistically speaking) enough for the character. E. P. Wilkes' Uncle Major is a very tame affair compared with Louis Mestayer's. Geo. Parkes played the fool very well. Of the ladies of the co., Mrs. Poole as the Mother-in-law, Ada Rehan, as Kate Spinkle, are excellent. Maggie Harold, as "The Wild Rose of Yucatan," is excellent, but her singing would hardly rank as 3:57th class. Blanche Weaver, whose home is here, did fairly for so young an actress, as Mrs. Spinkle. And lastly, Harry Lacy, as the artist-lover, must be spoken of, for he well deserves more than a passing glance. Taken alone, the co. will pass, but contrasted with the co. of February it is only about an average one.

Items: Bookings:—Baldwin Baby Opera co., in Gilbert and Sullivan's ex-popular craze, 18th and 19th, matinee, at the Grand. The Wieting may be regarded as closed for the season, as nothing more is booked. There is a faint prospect of The Royal Middy and the Spanish Students in the air, but it is only among the faint possibilities of the future.—The many friends of Blanche Weaver kept Mr. Drew busy picking up bouquets.

ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music: The only event of the week was the performance of Pirates of Penzance by D'Oyly Carte's London Opera co. The audience was a fine one, and was composed of the elite of the city, who freely expressed their satisfaction by frequent and enthusiastic applause. Where all did so well, it will probably be a departure from established custom to particularize, but we cannot refrain from mentioning the artistic work of Sallie Reber, who rendered the character of Mabel in a highly finished manner. Miss Reber is the possessor of a very sweet and sympathetic voice, which she handles with considerable skill, while her acting was of a high standard. Mr. Macrery, as Frederick, exhibited undoubted talent. The chorus singing was highly commendable, showing a fine blending of voices and producing a fine volume of tone. The orchestra also was very fine and commands special mention. Salsbury's Troubadours, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. Jay Rial's Uncle Tom comb. for one week, commencing 21st.

Grand Opera House: Closed last week. Daly's Arabian Night co. 14th and 15th; Abbey & Hickey's Humpty Dumpty and Spanish Students comb. 19th; Daly's Royal Middy, 21st and 22d.

Item: Tom Karl, the well-known tenor, is in the city the guest of D. M. Dewey. He will spend the Summer at Hemlock Lake.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music: Tony Pastor's favorite co. of excellent artists gave us two very enjoyable entertainments last week. The houses were good, and would doubtless have been crowded to their utmost had not the public been so much interested in the Republican Convention. The returns posted conspicuously on the Western Union boards served to keep them away. The co. is the best that Tony has ever favored us with. The burlesque, Go West on an Emigrant Train, is one of the best of the kind ever produced here. For this week, Monday and Tuesday evenings we are to have the Salsbury Troubadours, embracing the same co. that appeared here during the season. Of

course, they will be welcomed by a large audience. Following them Daly's Arabian Night entertainment is to appear Wednesday and Thursday, and Abbey & Hickey's Humpty Dumpty and Spanish Students 18th. Following week Daly's Royal Middy 23d and 24th, and Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, 25th and 26th. So take it all in all, we cannot grumble at the proportion of first class amusements with which we are to be favored during the usually dull amusement season.

Items: Nothing at Shelby's.—The Gre t London Circus and Royal English Menagrrie is announced to hold forth during July, but the exact date has not yet been given.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House: 7th, Daly's Arabian Night co. opened for two nights and matinee. The Albany theatre going public are rather familiar with this production, as George H. Cassidy's comb. filled two engagements here during the past season, and with the single exception of Mr. Harry Lacy, as Herbert Rumbrent, Mr. Cassidy's co. played it more acceptably. Business was very light, which was probably owing to the lack of novelty and the extreme heat. 10th, 11th and 12th, Harrigan and Hart's comb. in The Mulligan Guard Surprise. The co. is an excellent one, and the Surprise a very funny bit of nonsense. Business ruled excellent. 18th and 19th, Daly's Royal Middy. 21st Troubadours, for Ben Bois' annual benefit.

Item: Tweddle and Martin Halls: closed.

UTICA.

Opera House: D'Oyly Carte's London Opera co. gave the musical critics of this place a feast the 10th in presenting The Pirates of Penzance. Although playing to a small house, the audience showed their appreciation of the efforts of the co. by repeated encores. Augustin Daly's co. gave us his Arabian Night 10th before a small audience, owing no doubt to the extreme warm weather. Those present were highly pleased. The house remains closed until 30th.

City Opera House: Musicale by the Utica Musical Academy (amateurs) 16th.

BATAVIA.

Opera House: Prof. William Courtney, the tenor, who recently severed his connection with the Bijou Opera House, N. Y., will Summer here with his family. He has just concluded an engagement with the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for next season.

ELMIRA.

Opera House: No news to report in the amusement line. Nothing booked until next season.

LOCKPORT.

Hodge Opera House: 7th, Howorth's Hibernica, to fair business. Nothing booked.

Ohio.

COLUMBUS.

Comstock's: Pat Rooney's Novelty comb. drew a good house 8th, in spite of a Garfield jollification, Rooney himself being the leading card. The unequalled Tony "pastures" here 16th. Comstock's stage employes' benefit, 22d, is calculated to take the town by storm. Those to be benefited are Phil H. Beltzer, stage carpenter; C. J. Link, assistant stage carpenter; A. M. Disinger, master of property, B. T. Busy, manager of curtain. The volunteers are Mrs. Kate Schindler, Senator Mat Burton, Bob Robinson, Alf Tibson, Jack Farrel, the Pirorber Brothers, Happy Max, John Riley, a double quartet, the Cadet Orchestra, and a full dramatic company—the whole under management of Charles Bennard, a very efficient young man. May it prove a big success.

Items: Theodore Morris, acting manager of the Grand, is now in New York. Will some one kindly call Frank Lawlor's attention to this fact? He (Lawlor) swore, while here, to have the "colonial" incarcerated in Ludlow street jail, if he were caught in New York City, for the way Morris treated him in regard to Paulding's trouble. Now's your chance, Frank.—William Farland Felch, so-called correspondent of the Un-Dramatic News, and W. O. Hamilton, late treasurer at the Grand, have slashed together a comedy entitled Judge Slasher; or, The Property Man's Revenge, and strange to say, it has been accepted by Harry Richmond.—Property man W. H. Dunnington (fortunately not the hero of Felch and Hamilton's alleged comedy) and George Little, late beneficiary, both of the Grand, have been lith-graphing Pastor for Comstock's popular boys.—Luke Collins, the Mercury man, has removed his cigar and news stand to South High street, near Comstock's, and the boys find it a popular lounging place.—Frank Murdoch is looking more like Tony Pastor each day, and at present is expecting some promised photographs from Strickland in California, to add to his already fine collection, arranged a la Brown's Hotel, as described at length in a former MIRROR.—"Our Jim" F. Elliott, the Clipper's "special," goes to Cincinnati next week, to manage the Democratic convention. Resident critics, beware of being "talked to death." A peculiarity of Jim is, he has always has so much to say that never gets into the organ.—W. P. Dunnington, the very tall property man of the Grand, is actually aspiring for something higher. He has designs upon the Saints and Sinners comb. for next season in the position of a tall-low comedian, something Manager Nunez will at once recognize as necessary to the success of his piece. Mr. Dunnington can be addressed care Grand Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, until further notice.—J. Franklyn Wagstaff has entirely lost faith in THE MIRROR, and now takes the Clipper. Poor fellow, he'll never get along.—The McNerny Sisters are busy looking up song and joke books, and they, too, will probably have a comb. on the road next season.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House: Closed last week, until Friday and Saturday, when Tony Pastor introduced his excellent vaudeville to large and pleased audiences. The co. introduced such well-known people as the French Twin Sisters, Lina Tettenborn, Flora Moore, St. Felix Sisters, Bryant and Hoey, Bonnie Runnels, the Rankins, Harry and John Kernell, Frank Girard, etc., and the specialties of each were received with the heartiest applause. Tony himself was on hand with some new comic songs, and was warmly welcomed. Little Eva French also appeared as Buttercup in a scene from Pinafore; she sings and acts most charmingly. The Abbey and Hickey Humpty Dumpty Troupe and Spanish Students are billed for first half of present week. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels 24th, 25th and 26th.

Academy: Closed last week. Mr. Finney's benefit was postponed from Friday to Monday of this week.

Comique: The following new people are announced for present week—Lillie Western, Crawford Bros., the Leavitts, Minnie Howard, and Millie La Font.

Items: Mr. Sothern has just secured a valuable addition to his next season's co. in Minnie Van Tassel, a talented young actress of our city.—D. B. Hodges, agent of the Mastodons, was here last week.—The French Twin and St. Felix Sisters appeared Friday night in lovely new silk dresses of the prevailing fashionable color—old gold.—I give below a brief resume of the various combs. which have appeared at our Opera House and Academy during the past season, with an approximate classification of the business done by each. Opera House: Light—Dora Gordon Steele's Hallowe'en Party, Annie Pixley, Haverly's Colored Minstrels, The Revelers. Fair—Bowers-Thompson comb., Saville English Opera, Richmond and Von Boyle, Barney Macauley, Criterion Comedy co., Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore co., Danites, Maggie Mitchell, Colville Folly co., Carncross' Minstrels, Pirates of Penzance. Good—Prof. Herrmann, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Chicago C. C. Pinafore, Hobbies, My Partner, Banker's Daughter, Tourists, Sothern, W. J. Florence, Fairfax co., Tony Pastor. Very good—Jefferson, Barrett, McCullough, Den Thompson, Haverly's Mastodons, Mary Anderson, Boston Ideal Opera co., Maplesom's Opera co., B., W., P. and W. Minstrels, Robson and Crane, Lotta. Academy: Light—Scanlon and Cronin, Boniface, Queen's Evidence, Lina Tettenborn, Adele Belgarde, G. C. Howard comb., Strategists. Fair: Gus Williams, Hyers Sisters, Sprague's Georgia Minstrels, Rice's Evangeline comb., Webber's Nip and Tuck, Laura Alberta, J. T. Hinds, Dickie Lingard, Ixion Burlesque troupe, Drink comb., McAllister. Good—C. W. Couldock and Effie Ellsler, Minnie Palmer, Salsbury Troubadours, W. H. Power's Dr. Clyde comb. Very good—Pat Rooney, Buffalo Bill, Emerson's Megetherians, Widow Bedott, Galley Slave, J. K. Emmet.

CHILLICOTHE.

Masonic Hall: Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels played to good business 7th. Close season at Altoona, Pa., 19th.

Items: Both houses have closed. Nothing booked until the last week in August.—Judge Slasher; or, Circumstantial Evidence. This is the title of a four-act comedy-drama, written for Harry G. Richmond, of the Richmond and Von Boyle Comedy co., in which he plays the title role. The authors are two intelligent and enterprising young men, W. C. Hamilton of this city, and W. F. Felch of Columbus. Mr. Hamilton left for Philadelphia on last Thursday to meet Mr. Richmond, during the co.'s engagement at the Arch Street Theatre in that city, to give a reading of the play. Mr. Richmond accepted the play after hearing it read, and complimented the authors. The following is a brief description of the play: The plot hinges upon a love affair between an heiress and one of her father's employes. A rich and unscrupulous bank cashier interferes out of jealousy, implicates the young lady's brother in a forgery, and has the employe arrested and convicted. The second act opens with a very humorous love scene between Judge Slasher, who is an eccentric, visionary lawyer, and the Widow Biddle, his landlady, ending very satisfactorily to both parties. The act closes with an attempted abduction of the heiress, Annie Thornton, by the bank cashier, Marmaduke Merrill, and the opportune arrival of Harry Sudlow, her lover, who has just escaped from prison. The last two acts are laid in the mining region of Colorado. The third act ends with the murder of Charles Thornton by Merrill, who causes the arrest of Harry Sudlow for the deed. The fourth and last act results in the conviction of Marmaduke Merrill, the real murderer, by a "heathen Chinee," Foo See, who was a witness of the crime, and ends in a happy denouement for Harry Sudlow, the accused, and Annie Thornton.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House: The Dalziel-Lingard Oaken Hearts comb. appear 15th, 16th and 17th. The Summer meeting of the Springfield Blood-Horse Association is held on above dates, and the secretary engages the co., paying a certainty.

Adelphi Theatre, William Laird manager: Business last week was good, but at the last meeting of the City Council a resolution refusing to grant a license was passed, and in consequence the manager concluded to close. But he has since reopened, and will fight the case in the courts. The odds against him are great, and it is probable that he will have to succumb.

DAYTON.

Music Hall: Tony Pastor's co. booked for 17th.

Phœnix Memorial Pavilion (Soldiers' Home): The Amusement Committee have erected a temporary building with a stage 50x30. It has twelve pairs of flats and necessary wings and all appurtenances. Scenery painted by Mr. Harvey, the scenic artist from Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. The tent is fifty feet wide by 100 feet. The opening performance was given the 19th—a melodrama, Blind for Life.

TOLEDO.

Amusements theatrical this week we have had none. But the June festival, organized by a city gentleman, has been quite a success fashionably and musically, but not financially. Mlle. Litta, Alexander Bischoff, Herr E. Ramenyi, Henrietta Beebe, Anna Drasdil, Franz Remmurts, the Detroit orchestra and a number of amateur attractions assisted in giving a series of delightful concerts. Booked: Tony Pastor 15th; Haverly's Mastodons 21st.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's: Pat Rooney's Star comb. came 7th, giving an excellent entertainment to big business. Nothing booked.

Items: Black's is closed for repairs.—Dramatic news quite dull.—A good circus could strike a Bonanza by giving our city a call.

YOUNGSTOWN.

Opera House: George Holland, the eminent actor, with an excellent co., will produce Our Gentlemen Friends 15th. Union Square Theatre co., booked for 9th, cancelled; Tony Pastor 10th, ditto. Nothing booked for the coming week.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House: George Holland, with Our Gentlemen Friends, did a fair business last week. The piece was very well received, though the acting of the co., which by the way is an exceedingly good one, proved much more of an attraction than the literary merits of the play. The honors of the evening were equally divided between George Holland, Owen Fawcett, Nellie Boyd and Cassie Troy, the latter of whom was, during two years of Manager Gotthold's management, leading lady at this house, Charles Waverly, also a member of the co., was at one time leading gentleman and ex-Manager Gotthold. Both were warmly welcomed: 15th, and during the balance of the week, Rial and Draper's Uncle Tom comb. will occupy the boards. On Wednesday evening, Charles La Forrest, who lately lost his eyesight while in the discharge of his duties behind the scenes, will take a benefit. Manager Ellsler has issued a circular, imploring the public at large to respond liberally to this call. It is truly a worthy object, as Mr. La Forrest is now blind, and without means with which to support his family. Manager Ellsler contributes the house and gas free, and the members of Rial and Draper's co. their services. I hope to be able to chronicle next week a rousing benefit for Charles La Forrest. C. L. Davis 25th and 26th.

Williams' Academy: Patrick Rooney and his co. will delight the patrons of this house the forthcoming week.

Items: It is rumored that Manager Hanna of Cleveland is filling time for Library Hall.—A very enjoyable musical entertainment was given at the Lyceum 12th, by some of our best local talent.—Manager Williams very much enjoyed the performance of Our Gentleman Friends last week. He is seldom seen as an auditor, except at the Academy.—The Opera House orchestra is not the least musical organization in the world, and therefore the leader should exercise care in his overture selecions.—The memories of the Pirates is evidently beyond their capabilities, judging from their endeavors the past week.—Louis Garber's benefit 7th was well attended.—The Dramatic News is losing its prestige in this city; a local newsdealer has cut it entirely.—Maggie Muhlanbring of local fame is Summering near Greensburg, Pa.—W. A. Lavelle is circulating around town.—The Elks apparently are not as social as they "use to was;" probably their late benefit did not come up to expectations.—Hattie Starr of the late Oates Opera co. succeeded in obtaining her baggage from the Seventh Avenue Hotel. The trunks had been held for board. Miss Starr forwarded the necessary amount to redeem her possessions (the proprietor having made liberal reductions, owing to the pitiful tale the lady told of her condition), and they were duly shipped.—The extreme heat has driven almost all the amusement-loving people out of the city, so that, taking one consideration with another, it would be a bad time for any "off" constellation of histrionic stars to drop upon us.

PHILADELPHIA.

Walnut: 14th, week, engagement of C. L. Graves comb., Mr. George C. Boniface and Mr. J. H. Rowe. Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday matinee, Soldier's Trust; Wednesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, Queen's Evidence; Friday and Saturday nights, Jocrisse the Juggler.

Wood's: This week Lillie Hinton in The Little Treasure, and Martinette and Gabrielle, pantomime and ballet continue to fair audiences.

New National: A Summer season was inaugurated 14th, when Uncle Tom's Cabin was produced by Messrs. Atkins Lawrence, W. H. Bailey, J. T. Fannin, Sam Hemple, Alexander Fisher, Alexander Vincent, W. H. Fitzgerald and Misses Emily Baker, Lizzie Creese, Clara Cole, Alice Wood, Zelda Pierce, etc.

Mænnerchor Garden: The opening has been a decided success. The popular music and operatic selections, under the leadership of Signor Francois D'Auria, being the choicest and receiving encore upon encore.

Miller's: Attractions for the week are Nellie Hatfield, Dooly and Tenbrook, Maude Sheppard, Redmond and Clinton, Charley Reynolds, Billy Sullivan, etc. Matinee Saturday.

Alhambra: First appearance of Watson and Holt, Wayland Sisters (Kate and Laura), Miss Annie Boyd, Miss Rose Hall, also Mme. Ponisi's statue groupings; return of the Daltons (Tommy and Annie); second week of Gus Brooke Clark, John W. Ransome, Kitty Smith, Lou Edwards, George Edwards and W. S. Bryant.

POTTSVILLE.

Academy of Music: Closed for the season. Nothing booked. The Great European, united with Welsh and Sand's circus, museum and menagerie, have extensively billed the town for the 26th. As this is the first tent show of the season, and, as there have been very few in late years, your correspondent predicts a perfect jam.

Item: Burgess Bell demanded from the advance agent of Welsh and Sand's circus a license fee of $30 and thirty tickets. The agent refused to give the latter, and asked what the fee would be without the tickets. The Burgess replied, that upon that condition he would have to raise the price to $45, which the agent refused to pay. He now expects to put up his tents in Agricultural Park, just outside the borough limits, and easy of access, and the borough will lose the fee altogether.

DANVILLE.

Opera House: Soldier's Trust co., at the request of Manager Angle, canceled their date for the 12th. Reason: prospect for a fair house looked bad, as our show-going people will not attend during warm weather. This house is now closed for the season, and will be thoroughly renovated. Quite a number of leading attractions are booked for next season. Welch and Rice have decorated every available place with their showy printing, announcing their San Francisco circus for 21st.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music: 8th, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels, to a fair audience. The entertainment was highly appreciated. Nothing next week, with exception of musical entertainment by home talent 14th.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House: The season closes the present week. 14th, 15th, The Royal Middy by Daly's co. 16th, 17th, Harrigan and Hart's comb. The past week Mme. Selika, a colored prima-donna, gave a very enjoyable concert, 7th. The lady has a fine voice and under perfect control. The latter half of the week, All the Rage returned, and although business was light, they gave the same delightful performance as upon previous appearance.

Low's Opera House: Will be opened 16th, 17th, 18th, for the appearance of Maud Forrester with her horse Lightning, in Mazeppa.

Theatre Comique: The success of the Ninon Duclos troupe was great. They remain another week. The afterpiece, The Magic Slipper, was well played and abounded in new songs, jokes, etc. Annie Livingston, a careful and painstaking lady, deserves more than a passing notice for her excellent personation of the Prince. This week The Modern Don Juan closes the bill.

Park Garden: Opens the Summer season night of 14th, when the immense attractions will show how well Managers Shirly and Reeves know how to cater for the people's amusement. I wish I could convey to you even a faint idea of the magnificent scale upon which the new opera, The Ambassador's Daughter, is brought out. As to the scenery (painted by Hughy Reid of this city) representing the Chinese city, with its towers, bridges, shops, pagodas; its different streets, all extending a distance of four hundred feet; of the lake with its huge Chinese junk (upon which a portion of the action takes place); by its side a smaller junk is in attendance (in which the orchestra is located); the natural trees forming a background, and all lighted with the brilliant electric lights; the quaint costumes of the Chinese, mingled with the graver costumes of the Americans; the fine company; the excellent music, every note of which was written by D. W. Reeves and performed by his own orchestra, under his special direction—it is beyond pen description. Other amusements, such as the Marionettes, the Glass Blowers, Shooting Gallery, Parisian Hippodrome, and bicycle riding, are offered; also grand pyrotechnic displays, under Prof. Moritz Blank's direction.

Sans Souci Garden: The Contrabandista still draws good-sized audiences. Fatinitza is in preparation, and will be a far greater attraction than the present opera. The National Band, W. E. White leader, discourses some very fine music before and after the opera.

Items: I had the pleasure of exchanging greetings with J. F. Sheridan, who was in town last week arranging with Manager Hackett for the production of the new burlesque, Oleomargarine, at Rocky Point, July 5.—The World's Regatta, which takes place 17th, is causing considerable interest. After the race the prizes will be given at Rocky Point, where Manager Hackett has made great preparation for a large crowd to be entertained. Fireworks have been ordered especially for the occasion, representing the race in progress. Music, fireworks, electric lights and many other attractions will delight and entertain the multitude.

NEWPORT.

Amusements of every description are dull. Nothing booked, but Rice's Evangeline co. for 19th. A thorough renovation of the Opera House is the next thing in order.

Tennessee.

NASHVILLE.

Masonic Theatre: The benefit for the employes of this place 10th, was poorly attended. Little over expenses was realized. This performance drops the curtain on a prosperous season. A great many attractions are already booked for the season of '80–'81.

Vermont.

BURLINGTON.

Howard Opera House: 8th, Hyers Sisters in In and Out of Bondage, to fair business. Route: Southern New Hampshire and Eastern Massachusetts.

Virginia.

RICHMOND.

Theatre: Public school commencements.

Comique: Robert H. Stanley closed 12th, going hence to Baltimore. Ada Adair opens 14th. Business poor.

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House: Lawrence Barrett has attracted immense audiences during the past week, "standing-room only" being displayed every night. The co. is excellent. Yorick's Love, Richelieu, Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, David Garrick, and Money were presented. This closes a very successful season for Mr. Barrett, and our kind wishes go with him for the future.

Academy of Music: Rentz-Santley Novelty co. did not fare quite so well, though they had their share, as the "Grangers" wanted to see what the girls looked like in picturesque costumes. The specialty artists were very good. Frank Bennett and Nellie Richards do a very neat act. Charles and Annie Whiting are excellent performers on the trombone; and, thank Heaven! Lew Benedict delivered a new speech, quite up to the times. The burlesque of Penn's Aunts among the Pirates is an utter absurdity—improve it or bounce it. The co. closes a very profitable season of forty-two weeks. 24th, 26th, 26th, Daly's Royal Middy; Tony Pastor, 29th, 30th, July 1, 2, 3, 5.

Items: It is getting late, and the season here will soon close.—The Opera House is to undergo a cleaning and brightening.—Marsh & Nunnemacher have enjoyed great success during the year, both financially and in gaining the public favor, as they have labored hard for the reputation of Milwaukee. With a view to ascertaining his plans for the coming season, I had an interview with Mr. Nunnemacher. He said that since the trustees of the Academy had decided to hand the building over to an opposition manager, he had lost no time in booking the very best attractions procurable for next season at the Grand, of which he is to remain the sole manager. Without complaining of the action of the directors of the Academy, Mr. Nunnemacher alluded to the fact that while both houses were under his control last year, Milwaukee became for the first time in ten years what theatrical managers term a "paying city," and our citizens were invited to patronize only the better class of entertainments. The arrangement was therefore beneficial alike to the companies that played here and to the community at large. For the future Mr. Nunnemacher is prepared to meet with whatsoever opposition may arise from the lack of harmony between the two establishments. A glance at the engagements made so far shows the following splendid list of attractions: John McCullough, Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques, J. K. Emmet, Collier's Banker's Daughter, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, All the Rage, Den Thompson, George S. Knight, Joe Jefferson, Herrmann, H. C. Jarrett's new spectacular attraction, Emma Abbott Opera co., Soldene Opera co., Sothern, My Partner, Strakosch-Hess Opera, Galley Slave, Joe Murphy, Boccaccio, Sparks, Fun on the Bristol, J. B. Polk, Fanny Davenport, Robson and Crane, and many others. Mr. Nunnemacher has his eye on all budding novelties that may prove desirable. The people seem to want the best attractions or none at all. Mr. Sothern had a more successful engagement here than in Chicago. There is no demand for inferior shows, such as meet with support in many other cities.—The variety business has been very good for the one place that runs, a sort of concert-saloon.—Harry Deakin has assumed the management of the Academy of Music for next season; may he have success.

BELOIT.

Goodwin's Opera House: Rial and Draper's Uncle Tom 3d, to fair house. Coming, Haverly's Church Choir co. 11th; Clement Bros. and Forrester 22d.

Item: I received a pleasant call from Mr. Mark Thall, general agent Haverly's Church Choir co., while here making arrangements for that co. In the course of conversation he remarked that "THE MIRROR possessed more honor than all other dramatic papers combined, and that it was far in advance of others in every respect." So say we all of us.

MADISON.

Opera House: C. L. Davis appeared 9th to a very thin house. A large proportion of our amusement-goers were out of town attending the soldiers' reunion at Milwaukee. This, combined with the great heat, caused the house to look quite lonesome. Miss Emile Gavin, extensively billed for 10th, failed to appear. Nothing booked for this month.

RACINE.

Opera House: Clement Bros.' Concert co. gave what resembled a variety entertainment 12th, to fair business. Forbes' Dramatic co. canceled date 16th, and closed season at Janesville. Nothing billed ahead.

Canada.

HAMILTON.

Mechanics' Hall: Our season is now closed. The amusements offered have been superior to those of any previous season, which speaks well for the managerial ability of Joseph Kneeshaw, Esq., the manager of the Hall. The following is a list of the cos. which appeared this season: John McCullough, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Neilson, Kate Claxton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Jane Coombs, Louise Pomeroy, Kate Girard, E. A. Sothern, Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques, Den Thompson, J. T. Raymond, Frederick Paulding, the Bergers and Sol Smith Russell, Neil Burgess, Graves-Boniface comb., Almayne Comedy co., Minnie Palmer, Will Gillette, Rice's Evangeline, Mattie Vickers and Charles S. Rogers, Clark's comb., Spanish Students, Howarth's Hibernicon, Alice Oates' Opera co., Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore, Baldwin's Baby Opera co., Pirates of Penzance, Remenyi, Wilhelmj, Mendelssohn Quintet Club, H. M. S. Parliament, Arnold Bros', Minstrels, Carncross' Minstrels, Haverly's Georgia Minstrels, Emerson's Megatherians, Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, California Minstrels, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. C. T. Watson, Prof. Herrmann, Miss Fay, and Prof. Richards.

Dundurn Park: 10th, commencement of the Summer entertainments. The following comprise the co.: Messrs. Harry Lane, Josh M. Chapman, Barry Harvey, R. S. Lyle, Charles Vaughn, Mr. Vincent, Dan Mitchell, and Misses Adelaide Flint and Mary Young. Open with Aurora Floyd.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House: Tony Pastor and co. held the boards 4th and 5th. A better variety performance than given by this troupe has never been witnessed in Toronto. The programme was longer than usual, but it was well carried out, and there were probably few people present who would have grieved had the evening's entertainment been prolonged. Tony always takes out a good co., but this excels all previous ones. The audience, which comprised our best people, crowded the house in every part. House closed for season.

Item: Forepaugh's Circus 14th and 15th.

An Unlucky Juliet.

The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Juliet in Romeo and Juliet. Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villain became silent as a mouse. Being called, she hastily mounted the rostrum, that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and, leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times, and in her efforts to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony; and, lo! the lovelorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub that served for a stool, and at her foot, accidentally placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all fours steadying with his back the rickety structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the tableau, and of the play no more was heard that night.

A Late Paris Play.

Madame Gregoire, a four-act vaudeville by MM. Burani and Ordonneau, was recently brought out at the Theatre des Arts, Paris. A writer says of it: Madame Gregoire is, of course, a wineshop-keeper; the name is hereditary among cabaretieres, presumably because it rhymes so conveniently with boire. Beranger's obliging heroine of the name is famous. Nothing she had was too good for her customers, and the dear woman was the most general of favorites. On the stage of the Theatre des Arts the buxom hostess keeps an inn much frequented by a regiment of dragoons, the quartermaster-sergeant of which is paying assiduous court to the mistress, while three full privates follow his example with her three nieces; three actresses take fancies to the three dragoons, and are themselves the objects of devoted attention on the part of three gentlemen of high degree, whose three wives console themselves as best they can for the infidelity of their lords by bestowing their affections on three pages. Mlle. Theresa assumed the part of Madame Gregoire.

All for "Aurelian."

Miss Anna Dickinson, in reading her play of Aurelian, "sits quietly," says the Cincinnati Commercial, "with no accessories but a small stand, with a light at her left hand. She is in evening dress, not costumed for the part. With the touches of color in her dress, with her strong, mobile face, the graceful acting of her hands and her picturesque poses, this reading becomes a succession of striking tableaus against the background of a high-backed chair in which she sits. By turns, with only a second for the transition of character, she is the haughty Emperor, defiant Queen, sneering traitor, dying soldier. Her versatility of action is marvelous. As she reads the stormy opening scenes, full of the tumult of war, in which every sentence is given with thunderous intensity of tone, there is a feeling that she might herself play Aurelian; that she has more strength than subtlety of expression. But she is capable of profound pathos. Zenobia's passion of loneliness, as voiced in her soliloquy, is given with an abandon and an intensity that prove her power in that vein.

NEW YORK MIRROR

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NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1880.

Union Square Theatre.

A. M. PALMER.....Proprietor and Manager,

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 14.

FREDERICK PAULDING.
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ACT II.—RESCUE BY KIT!
ACT III.—A DAUGHTER'S RECOGNITION!
ACT IV.—THE DUEL TO THE DEATH!

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CHILD-STEALER.
ANNIE WARD TIFFANY
as
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WM. H. LEAKE
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Next Season's Prospects.

The books of the provincial theatres are mostly filled for next season; the arrangements for most of the metropolitan theatres are already made; the work which used to be done in August has been completed before the middle of June. Now, if ever, is the time for managers and actors to take their needed rest, for the indications point to some of the hardest work ahead that has yet fallen to the lot of the profession. How far the political campaign will interfere with this work until November cannot be accurately decided until the Cincinnati Convention presents its candidates, next week; but there is nothing in the nomination of Garfield and Arthur, by the Republicans, to cause agitation in the theatrical world. They are conservative nominations, so far as they go, and can create no very great public enthusiasm. We shall have no log-cabin and hard-cider campaign; no heated discussions about the third-term and imperialism; no waving of "the bloody shirt," and no ballot-boxes guarded by bayonets. The political "machine," which always seems to work smoothly to outsiders, will take care of the candidates in a methodical, practical manner, and unless the Democrats stir up the country by some unexpected stroke at Cincinnati the field will be clear for the managers to reap a rich harvest next season, beginning as early as the middle of August and ending much later than this season, when the thermometer scared the public and the profession into a much-too-early closing.

The hard work to which we referred, therefore, will not be against the attractions of the politicians, but against the attractions of rival houses. Opposition, not outsiders, is the thing to be feared. Every theatre and every manager seems to have determined to make next season the most brilliant that this country has ever witnessed. The stars who are coming from abroad are almost sufficient of themselves to carry the season through triumphantly. Paris will send us Bernhardt—a splendid engagement, out of which Manager Abbey ought to make a fortune—and another complete French opera troupe, under Grau, besides the flying danseuse and, possibly, the Hanlon-Lees. London will exchange some of its best professionals for the American actors who are already established in that capital or who are on their way to English fame. George Conquest and his troupe—who are to London what the old Ravel family used to be to New York—will open at Wallack's and then tour through the country in the new style of entertainment, the pantomime-vaudeville, to which our local Humpty Dumpty companies will soon learn to adapt themselves. Charles Warner, the young actor who has made the fortune of the London Princess' Theatre and played Coupeau better than the French original, is announced by English correspondents as contemplating an American tour. Of the two hundred combinations ready to begin operations here, at least a third are seeking for more talent in London to strengthen their organizations. For example, Rice's companies, the Edouin party and The Brook will enlist English actors to fill up their ranks. Entire troupes of Italian, German and English opera-singers are coming over. Wallack will import a leading man and a low comedian. The Soldene party will return. New plays are in preparation at the Union Square and Daly's, a new American opera at Haverly's, and the new pieces prepared for the combinations are almost as numerous as the combinations themselves.

All this means enterprise, eager competition, a busy and hard-working season. Let us hope that it will also be a profitable season both for the public, the managers and the actors. Not a single man, woman or child in the profession need be without an engagement next season if of the most ordinary ability, prudence and industry. There is a demand for every soldier in the ranks, and fair pay and the certainty of promotion to all who do their duty. Every captain must have a full company now, under the new theatrical despensation, and instead of a star traveling about by himself or herself, the leading tragedians and comedians carry complete troupes with them. McCullough and Barrett, having tried the new method, will never go back to the solitary star system. Even Joe Jefferson has accommodated himself to the new order of things, and will have his traveling company next season, like Sothern and Florence, Robson and Crane. Mrs. Scott-Siddons will be out with a company, like Miss Cavendish and Modjeska and Adele Belgarde and Louise Pomeroy, all struggling for the place which Miss Neilson has vacated. Miss Fanny Davenport will lead the American phalanx with a new play—also American, we hope—by Miss Anna Dickinson. New stars are coming above the horizon, like Frederick Paulding, Tom Keene, Sol Smith Russell and Nat Goodwin, all of whom have been prominent before, but will soon shine unobscured by surrounding circumstances. There is not a theatre in New York to be had for love or money next season, and by the end of July there will not be an open date in the provinces. The "boom" which has been swung out in every other business has now reached the theatrical profession, and there will be plenty of money for everybody and fortunes for the lucky few, if the coming season be conducted with the liberality, prudence and courage which distinguished our managers during the season that has just closed. Then only one year will intervene before the World's Fair comes to make us all millionaires, so that we can afford to retire and give way to the new theatrical generation.

Honor the Dead.

A few days ago a statement appeared in one of the daily papers that the graves of Dan and Jerry Bryant were unmarked by any monument, untended, overrun with weeds and brambles, and not to be distinguished except by those acquainted with their exact location in the cemetery. Promptly following this publication comes a letter from Dr. Charles Howard, representing Tony Pastor, offering the Metropolitan Theatre for a performance to raise a fund for a suitable monument to the famous minstrels, and calling upon the profession to volunteer their services. It is to be hoped that the responses will be as prompt as Dr. Howard's letter; and we should like to see Haverly's Mastodons, the San Francisco Minstrels, Sprague's Georgia Minstrels and the Original Georgias announce benefit performances in aid of the same fund. By a noble deed of charity the profession raised a fund for the widow and children of Dan Bryant; and although there have been rumors that this money was not judiciously administered, still we have information that the children are being properly cared for and educated—and that, after all, is what the profession desired. No one will miss the little extra time and labor necessary to raise the money required to keep green the graves and the memory of Dan and Jerry Bryant, and to mark by a suitable stone the spot where these prime ministers of mirth sleep after life's brief and fitful fever.

Remarks are being made, in and out of the profession, in regard to the few flowers and the absence of music at the funeral of genial John Brougham last Wednesday. We have taken the trouble to investigate this matter, and have ascertained that the simplicity of the funeral arrangements was in compliance with the dying request of the favorite comedian. The gentlemen representing the Dramatic Fund, the Lotos Club and Wallack's Theatre who had charge of the arrangements were prevented by this request, and not by any lack of means for the most ample expenditure, from giving John Brougham the elaborate funeral services which he himself would have been the first to suggest for a professional of his position and reputation. Neither is there any truth in the reports that the last illness of John Brougham was embittered by pecuniary difficulties. The Lotos Club, always generous to the profession to which it owes its existence and popularity, sent various sums by its members—sufficient to defray all necessary expenses; John McCullough handed in a liberal contribution; Mr. Wallack gave instructions that everything should be done to ensure Mr. Brougham's comfort; the purses of the most liberal profession in the world were ready to respond to any application on John Brougham's behalf. In short, the reports are pure fabrications; and no prince on his death-bed was more tenderly treated, as far as the profession and the public were concerned, than the prince of geniality who has just left us. If there be secrets behind the scenes, it is not our hand that shall draw the curtain and reveal what the dying actor wished to be concealed.

The graves of the Bryants and the funeral of Brougham point a moral for the whole profession, and that moral is the urgent necessity for the organization of the Actors' Fund, which we have so fully elucidated in THE MIRROR. With that Fund in practical operation, there would be no room for the reports, no opportunity for the complaints of neglect, which now seek to throw discredit upon the profession. A dying actor would have a fund to draw upon as a right, not as a charity; and a dead minstrel would not have to be the occasion of a special benefit to provide him a suitable monument. Every week cases come to our knowledge in which the Fund could be of incalculable service. We hope that the simple organization requisite to set the Fund in motion may not be much longer delayed. Before Manager Wallack starts upon his yachting tour and Manager Palmer takes his contemplated trip to Europe they should join in issuing the necessary call for a meeting of managers, at a date when the provincial theatres will be represented in New York; and with that call all the difficulties in the way of organization will speedily disappear. The leading members of the profession have already pledged themselves, through THE MIRROR, to raise the Fund and to support it by yearly benefits. All that is required now is the adoption of a short constitution and brief by-laws, the selection of a competent treasurer and the appointment of special agents for each theatrical district. The work, such as it is, could be completed in two meetings of an hour each. Will Managers Wallack and Palmer please move in the matter immediately?

PERSONAL.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth will probably sail for Europe June 30, on the Gallia.

HOOLEY.—R. M. is in the city, filling dates for his Chicago theatre. He is looking well.

COUSINS.—Effie Ellsler and Georgia Cayvan make a pair of pretty cousins in Hazel Kirke.

PAULDING.—Fred Paulding is fortunate in having a Smart manager to look after his business.

EARL.—Although but a short time on the stage Marion Earl already gives marked evidence of ability.

FORD.—Manager Ford of Baltimore arrived in town Monday to attend the Booth breakfast at Delmonico's.

ERRATA.—Frank Chapman will manage the business of Agnes Leonard and not of Agnes Loring next season.

HENGLER.—Mr. Hengler, the celebrated English circus manager, is in town. He is making a pleasure tour of America.

MACKAYE.—Steele Mackaye, at the Madison Square Theatre, plays the arduous role of actor, author, inventor and manager.

GORDON.—Amy Gordon is a pretty girl, and accomplished, and although she cannot act much, is a pleasing member of the Pleasure Party.

DON.—Laura Don sailed for England on the 16th, to remain until the latter part of August. Her address will be 449 Strand, London.

SEYMOUR.—To Willie Seymour of the Boston Museum, who is stage-managing The Love of His Life at the Square, is due much of the smoothness and evenness of the production.

ROGERS.—John Rogers, the manager of the leading theatre in Birmingham, England, is in New York inspecting our places of amusement.

LUCKY.—J. H. Haverly has presented to James A. Grinstead, the noted Kentucky turfman, a twenty-year pass to his amusement enterprises.

REED.—Roland Reed has not definitely formed any plans for next season, but it is positively certain that he is not going with Alice Oates—as manager or in any other capacity.

WARNER.—Charles Warner, the rival of Irving in London, and a much better star for America, since he is young and handsome, as well as talented, is coming to New York next season.

DIALECT.—The broken English of Miss Rigl and the German accent of Miss Muldener gives an excellent opportunity to dialect students who may see The Love of His Life at the Union Square.

BAILEY.—At one of the Richter concerts recently our young countrywoman, Miss Lilian Bailey, sang three of the Scotch songs, arranged by Beethoven, with piano, violin and violoncello accompaniment.

KIND.—Through the influence of Col. Samuel Carpenter of the Pennsylvania Central and Mr. William Van Nest of the Iron Mountain roads, Mr. Maurice Barrymore has been furnished with free transportation to Marshall, Texas, and return.

FOX.—Annie Fox was married June 7, in Philadelphia, to Will E. English, the manager of the new Opera House at Indianapolis. The affair was private, but a few relatives and personal friends being present. The couple are passing their honeymoon in New York.

FAWCETT.—We hasten to correct the report that Mr. Owen Fawcett is negotiating with Alice Oates for next season. Mr. Fawcett's reputation as a comedian has been built up in the legitimate, and long may he retain it. We thought it strange when the information of the "negotiation" was given us, but considered the source trustworthy. The fact is, THE MIRROR was imposed upon.

GOMMY.—The pseudo poet of the Times has been let loose again, and this is his latest:

I dream of thy fate, and awe
Creeps into my heart, for lo!
I see what I never saw
In thy flaming soul, etc.

This may be called see-saw poetry; but it would puzzle even Gommy to explain how he could "see" what he "never saw." How long, Editor Foord, how long shall the writer of such bosh abuse the patience of your readers?

THE USHER.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

The gruffness and incivility of horse-car conductors is proverbial, and this coupled with the discomforts and inconveniences of street railway travel, has had much to do with turning the tide of prosperity and popularity into the channel of the Elevated roads. One of the most uncalled-for cases of ugliness and viciousness on the part of a man of this kind I have ever heard of came to my ears last Sunday. A young lady, connected with the stage, unfortunately had occasion to enter car No. 98 of the Grand Street Line, which was in charge of conductor No. 8. The lady had, tucked under her arm, a little dog of the black-and-tan species. The conductor received her fare, and shortly afterward violently raised the window at her back, remarking roughly, as he did so, that "dogs were not allowed on his car." The closed window shutting out the air, the actress asked a man sitting next her to lower it; whereupon the brute of a conductor stopped the car, assailed her with the most profane imprecations, tore her dress in an endeavor to pull her from her seat, and finally compelled her to leave the vehicle, amid the indignant murmurings of the other passengers. On the same trip a man in the condition of beastly drunkenness was permitted to ride unquestioned to his destination, although his actions and appearance were objectionable to the passengers, and although he was carried in direct opposition to one of the company's most stringent rules, which reads: "Disorderly or intoxicated persons not allowed on this car. Conductors must enforce this rule."

I understand that the young lady's friends intend to make an example of the fellow by carrying the matter into the police courts. In this are they right, and if other people would follow suit in similar cases, and make the company liable for heavy civil damages as well, occurrences such as the one I have cited would happen less frequently. At all events, let the companies carry out to the letter their regulation forbidding the presence of dogs in their cars, by putting men and not curs in charge of them.

Almaviva in the London Figaro says that theatre-goers must have often remarked in theatres, when the curtain is down, a tiny hole in it, through which an inquisitive eye inspects the audience. It is usually the eye of some little actress to see if My Lord or the Captain remains in his chair during the performance, or whether he goes out to see a man. In some of our theatres there is a perpetual struggle among the actresses for a place at this little hole, and the crowd that struggle around it is like that seeking room in a return omnibus on a bank holiday. This bothers the machinists, for how can they place the decorations, with a tumult of young women encumbering the stage, each waiting her chance at the hole of inspection? This trouble has grown to such an excess in one of our theatres, that the machinists have been obliged to resort to the following expedient: They have rubbed the aperture in the curtain with garlic!

Frederick Paulding.

We publish this week a picture of the young tragedian, Frederick Paulding, who appeared Monday night at the Union Square Theatre in Frank Rogers' play, The Love of His Life. Mr. Pauldings' artistic success during the past season through the country has been quite phenomenal, judging from the recognition his acting received at the hands of the critics. The following brief sketch of his life is clipped from the New Orleans Picayune:

Mr. Frederick Paulding (Dodge) is the son of Col. Richard R. Dodge, an old Army officer, graduate of the Military Academy, and now of the Twenty-third U. S. Infantry. On his maternal side he is a great-grandson of the Revolutionary Col. Paulding, who captured Major Andre, and also a grand-nephew of Commodore Paulding of the American Navy, men remembered in history and conspicuous for their intelligence and gallantry. For stage purposes and brevity, young Frederick adopts the name of his mother's family. It may be said that he is a "mother's boy,' for he is as kind and gentle as he is talented and brilliant, and never leaves his mother for a single day.

All that love and wealth could do for his dramatic education has been lavished on him, and now, at the age of twenty-one, he comes before the footlights better prepared for the higher walks of the drama than any other young man of his age. A year since he made his first appearance with a regular theatrical company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, playing Bertuccio in The Fool's Revenge. Mr. Edwin Booth witnessed that peformance, recognized his great talents, and warmly praised his acting. This by way of answering numerous questions as to who Frederick Paulding is. Mr. Paulding will be supported by a full and complete dramatic company.

—Mr. Max Strakosch has made arrangements with Miss Minnie Cummings for the production of her new society drama, Suspected, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, probably before the 4th of July. The play has been read to several managers, and Mr. Strakosch was not the only one controlling an important theatre who was willing to give it an immediate presentation to the public. Some of the situations in Suspected are exceedingly novel and it is thought will make a sensation.

THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"*The Play's the thing.*"—HAMLET.

Monday night a crowded house assembled to witness the re-entree in New York of the young tragedian, Frederick Paulding, in a four-act play written for him by Frank Rogers, entitled The Love of His Life. The success of the actor in the leading part and of the play and its presentation was pronounced.

The drama is laid in France during the reign of Louis Quinze---and is like its subject decidedly of the French Frenchy.

Some years prior to the opening of the play, the Marquis de Beaumont, upon a false charge of conspiracy, is exiled from France. His daughter, Adrienne, is left to the guardianship of a worthy citizen of Paris named Danglars. The child, who has not seen her father since her infancy, has been placed at the Pensionnat de St. Agnes, presided over by Mme. Lavernie, a kind, motherly woman, to whom Adrienne becomes a daughter. Old Danglars dies, leaving his young ward to the care of his son Paul, a young and skilful steel-engraver, whose watchfulness is increased by his love for Adrienne, which has grown during the years of their youth until it becomes the Love of his Life. At the time of his banishment the Marquis de Beaumont's estates had been confiscated, but through the intercession of the Princess Royal, who is a warm friend of Mme. Lavernie, the King revokes the confiscatory act, and the property is decreed to become Mlle. Adrienne's upon the day of her marriage. At the court is a dissipated nobleman, the Count Raoul DeLaunay, who, becoming possessed of this fact, obtains a letter written by the Marquis to old Danglars sanctioning his marriage with his daughter. Armed with this document, he visits the Pensionnat and demands the custody of Adrienne from Mme. Lavernie. He substantiates the validity of the letter by telling the directress of the death, five years before, of the Marquis, which intelligence had been withheld from both Adrienne and Mme. Lavernie by Paul Danglars in order to save the young girl the shock of the news of her father's death. It so happens that Paul has come to the school at the same time with De Launay, and upon being appealed to by Mme. Lavernie he confesses the deception he has practiced, and also that he has paid the expenses of Adrienne's schooling since her father's death. Fearing some violence from DeLaunay, he promises to take Adrienne from the school and to hide her in Paris for a time. She accompanies Paul to Paris and there learns of her father's death and also of the love Paul has given her all his life. DeLaunay, however, tracks them to their lodgings and seeks an interview with Adrienne; his persuasions are without avail; even the calumnies which he heaps upon Paul's head are useless. He manages during the scene to slip into a box containing Paul's engraving tools, a treasonable document relating to a conspiracy, on foot among several nobles, against the King. This paper is shortly afterward found by an officer of the court, who, at the intsigation of DeLaunay, comes to search the house and arrest Paul Danglars. The arrest is prevented by the intervention of Gaston Charlot, a young notary's clerk, who, at the head of a number of citizens, drives off the soldiery. For this resistance Paul is obliged to find a hiding-place, which he does in an old garret in an obscure part of Paris. Thither, also, he is followed by DeLaunay, who comes to the wretched lodging and finds him almost in want of food, ill, suffering, partly blind. DeLaunay, by insinuation to Adrienne that her virtue and character are compromised by her companionship with Danglars, and by promising to aid Paul, persuades her to leave with him. As they are about to go, Paul, who has been seeking work, returns. The sight of the woman whom he so loves by the side of their common enemy, turns the fever in his brain to delirium, and he drives her forth, falling senseless as she is carried away. Two months later, the Chateau de Launay is illuminated for the marriage of Adrienne DeBeaumont with Raoul DeLaunay. Paul has been placed in a mad-house by DeLaunay, but he escapes from there on the very morning of the wedding, and at night he is found wandering through the grounds.

The end of DeLaunay's career has now been reached. Charlot, the notary's clerk, has accidentally found a document which implicates DeLaunay in the very conspiracy for which Adrienne's father had been exiled. This proof of the Marquis' innocence is placed in the hands of the Duke de Beaubien, the Minister of State, who, at the proper moment, arrives to arrest DeLaunay. Paul recovers his reason, and the Marquis DeBeaumont, whose death had been falsely reported by himself, and who has figured through the play as Marnot, the hunchback, a tool of, and at the same time shadow upon, DeLaunay's crimes, gives his daughter to the man who has protected her through so many years.

The Love of His Life is undoubtedly the best work Frank Rogers has done. It contains a number of intensely strong situations, woven about a central character that throughout commands the interest and sympathy of an audience. The language is not brilliant, but it is rich with beautiful thoughts and virile expressions that blend together harmoniously. As the drama progresses the interest increases proportionately—a merit that is almost certain to carry a new piece on the crest of high success. The third and fourth acts never drag for an instant, but focus and concentrate attention to the end. Although there must have been a temptation to beget a play hinging upon that which is immoral---considering the period and locale in which the action transpires---Mr. Rogers has withstood it manfully, and has consequently brought forward a composition that has the merit of never trespassing without the bounds of cleanliness and purity. The motive of the play---the love of a lackey for his mistress---is by no means new to the stage, but, although the passion of Paul for Adrienne is almost parallel to that of Ruy Blas for the Queen, in Hugo's interesting stage-story, it is treated with such power and is painted in such warm and glowing colors, that it envelopes itself in all the freshness and glory of a new-born idea. These are the merits of The Love of His Life. Now for its defects.

As stated above, the situations are above the average; but there is a want of cohesiveness about the way in which they are arranged. In other words, the play lacks proper construction. The materials—and good materials too—are all there, but they have not been put together skilfully or cunningly. Improbabilities and incongruities are in several instances apparent, that interfere with a clear understanding and appreciation of the praiseworthy points. But notwithstanding its blemishes, Mr. Rogers must be congratulated upon having given to the public a piece of dramatist's handiwork which, if not always executed with cunning, and although having some jagged corners that need to be put through a polishing-off process, nevertheless commands admiration, and shows an inkling of dormant powers that will yet be heard from. So much for the play; let us pass on to the players.

It is something over a year since Frederick Paulding first played in New York at the Lyceum Theatre, and made a quasi success in a number of legitimate parts. The young man showed material talent and ability at that time, but it was crude, unformed, and hardly beyond the ovum stage of dramatic existence. Although having the adjuncts of wealth and influential friends, young Paulding's head was not turned, but, colloquially speaking, it remained level, and he set about improving himself and perfecting his immature knowledge of an art for which he is undeniably gifted. The results of his year's study and practice were obvious Monday night in the complete revelation that his performance of Paul Danglars proved to be. It is an earnest, intelligent, spirited assumption that tries the metal of his talent. It had the true ring, although obscured at times by slight error and misdirection. In the trying scenes of the third act he showed himself equal to the difficult requirements of the part, and in one or two places rose to touches of positive genius and greatness. He demonstrated that he has mastered the obstacles to obtain a firm foothold on the stage. What he requires now is the delicate shading and finesse that can come only with long experience and age. His most noticeable fault lies in a constant tendency to overact. He lacks repose, but his exaggerations may be easily toned down; and after all it is better for a young actor to err in this direction than to go to the other extreme, and run the imminent danger of being dubbed a "stick. His acting as Danglars, taken in its entirety, is more than excellent, and falls but a little on this side of being remarkable. His business is good, his action graceful, his voice melodious, and his presence attractive. He has the power, and no doubt the requisite enthusiasm and energy to place himself in time in the foremost ranks of the dramatic profession. Great hopes with reason may be builded upon him.

Mr. Paulding was wise in gathering about him a company that could not have been selected with greater care. They did complete justice to the author, the star, and themselves. Frank Mordaunt as Marnot, the hunchback, did a piece of work that was quite worthy to rank with many of the best impersonations of this sterling actor. Although a trifle too bulky for the part to look it completely, he managed to bridge over this difficulty to such an extent that it was forgotten in the good acting he did. B. T. Ringgold made a pleasant villain, the Count DeLaunay, quite too suave and gentlemanly to commit any of the dreadful acts with which he is accredited. C. W. Bowser turned up for the first time this season at the Square after his season with the Froliques, and made a good impression as Charlot, the notary's clerk. Emily Rigl has a character something similar to that assigned her in The Child of the State, only one deeper and blacker steeped in schemings and plottings. Her peculiar success in delineating this sort of woman is well known and generally admitted, and as Hortense de Marville, the woman with a history, she upholds her reputation. Louise Muldener was rather mature for Adrienne, but she is a good actress and was generally effective. Mrs. Jamieson as Mme. Lavernie played intelligently, and Carrie McHenry—a sister of the witch of Salsbury's Troubadours — showed in a soubrette part that she partakes of her sister's dash and vivacity. The line that she speaks in the act where she embraces Charlot her lover, "Oh you're a darling!" should be stricken out, as the phrase is not quite in keeping with the atmosphere of the Eighteenth century. The new music by Tissington is appropriate and pretty, and the scenery, though not painted expressly for The Love of His Life, is taken from the stock of the Union Square scene loft, and is of course up to the standard acquired by that establishment. Credit is due Willie Seymour for his admirable management of the stage.

The Love of His Life will run two weeks, or possibly three.

William C. Mitchell's Pleasure Party in Our Goblins appeared for the first time in this city at Haverly's, Monday night, before an appreciative and numerous audience. The co. has met with excellent receptions everywhere on the road, and came by no means unheralded by the press.

The Pleasure Party, like the Troubadours, is composed of but five members, and it necessarily follows that when so much work is made to devolve upon such a limited number of people, they must be individually clever and talented to hold attention. Mr. Gill (formerly the stage manager of the Colville Folly troupe, and therefore particularly suited to the task) has made his selections with great care and an eye to the requirements of his extravaganza, and aided by Messrs. Francis Wilson, Augustus Bruno, and Misses Elinor Deering and Amy Gordon, a thoroughly satisfactory menu of popularly light dramatic fare is presented which is savory and inviting.

Strange to say, Our Goblins itself is a composition of considerable skill, embracing an amount of genuine comedy situations and bright scraps of dialogue quite unlooked-for, and not to be found in any of its predecessors in the same class of entertainment. Although there are some stale lines and revamped business resurrected during the progress of the piece, yet Mr. Gill, working out a theory that an extravaganzee of the Our Goblins description may contain true fun, and still be successful, has constructed two acts of absurdity that in their own way are not only above the average, but really admirable. The plot is slight, hanging upon the slenderest of slender threads. A party of tourists picnic within the precincts of a ruined castle overlooking the Rhine, where they give themselves up to a high carnival of enjoyment. The married man of the party, Benjamin Franklyn Cobb, imbibes somewhat freely from the cheering and inebriating cup, and falls into a boozey slumber, whereupon there flits through his befuddled brain a nightmare in which the former inhabitants of the castle play fantastic parts. A great many popular songs are introduced and some clever dancing is done.

William Gill is a comedian and not a specialist. As the dreaming B. F. Cobb (of Chicago), he is well placed and makes the character very laughable. Francis Wilson, formerly of the Philadelphia Chestnut, is perhaps the most pleasing feature of the Pleasure Party. His humor is infectious, and his acting neat and finished. Augustus Bruno's imitations are still very good, but they have become rather musty with age. They and his dialects please the people however, who perhaps look upon them as having entered upon a second childhood. Amy Gordon is a pretty young girl, possessing a flexible and well-trained voice of light volume, and has the advantage of freshness in looks and action as well. Elinor Deering played Mrs. Cobb with spirit and dash. The performance on the whole was delightful, and ranks among the best of its kind. The Pleasure Party may be seen for two weeks at Haverly's.

Next week Hazel Kirke will enter upon its sixth month at Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Mackaye's impersonation has gained in strength, dignity and pathos. Miss Cayvan's Dolly is a delicious and graceful bit of acting. The rest of the cast remains the same. The play has never been acted so well as now, and the business appears to have gained a new impetus by these improvements.

The Child-Stealer is running another week at Niblo's. The idea of producing Only A Farmers' Daughter during Miss Tiffany's engagement has been abandoned. Next week Leonard Grover's successful comedy, which has not been done in New York for some time, Our Boarding House.---Pinafore is running still at the Aquarium.---Kit is drawing fair houses at Wallack's.---Den Thompson's engagement at the Park came to a termination Saturday night after a fifty-nights' run of Josh Whitcomb. Plenty of life in the old man, still.---Booth's, Daly's, Grand Opera House, Park, Standard, and the San Francisco Opera House are closed.---The Sea Cadet continues this week at the Fifth Avenue.

THE EASTERN CIRCUIT.—To day we advertize the new firm of Charles H. Thayer of Boston, C. H. Smith of Academy of Music, Fall River, and John S. Moulton of Salem, under the firm-name of Thayer, Smith, & Moulton, theatre managers, who have been very successful in New England enterprises. They unite their Eastern Circuit with the Circuit of Brooks, Dickon, & Hickey, and the popularity of the gentlemen, with their business ability, will, we believe, bring abundant success.

SMITH.---C. H. Smith of the Academy of Music, Fall River, the popular New England manager, is in town, en route home from a business and pleasure trip to Washington and Baltimore. The season has been the best which he has ever had, financially, playing five hundred engagements, including the strongest of stars and combinations, from Connecticut to Bangor. Next season he will be associated with Messrs. Thayer and Moulton.

Patti's Prices.

Patti has queer notions of pecuniary honesty as well as of matrimonial fidelity, if what is told below of her transactions with Baron Hirsch, the new financial swell of Paris, is true. After she had sung for the Princess de Sagan for her 10,000 francs, of course Hirsch had to engage her. Patti put up her price to 20,000, on the ground that Sagan was one person and Hirsch another. Having no other claim to distinction than his money, Hirsch said "All right," and proceeded to build up a new theatre for the occasion. One can fancy his amazement and surprise on the morning of his grand feast, when he was waited upon by Patti's manager, Mirelli, who told him that he, Mirelli, had a contract for the exclusive use of Patti's voice, and that he proposed to be paid for these outside concerts. It was merely a question of how much, and he let the bourse baron off with 10,000 francs; so that the appearance of Patti at the Hirsch reception cost the host just 30,000 francs.

TRIAL OF CUTTHROAT CURRIE.

THE JURY DRAWN—BARRYMORE'S EVIDENCE—MISS CUMMINS NOT PRESENT, BUT MAY BE CALLED—A CONTEMPTIBLE DEFENCE.

GALVESTON, June 14.—A special to the News from Marshall, Texas, says: The jury has been filled out. The State witness, Nat A. Harvey, the keeper of the saloon where the killing occurred, testified that Currie had been drinking and took a drink just before the difficulty. The first conversation he heard between the parties was when Currie said, "You can't give me any guff like that." Barrymore said that they wanted no trouble, as they had a lady with them; Currie replied, "Damned fine lady!" Currie then took a drink and asked witness if he knew Miss Cummins; witness replied no; Currie said he did, adding terms unfit to print; Currie then shot at Barrymore, then at Porter, then at Barrymore; the latter had pulled off his coat, intending to resent the insult to the lady; the insult indicated by Currie was putting his hand to his ear in the manner of a person trying to hear better; at the time of the shooting Currie was between Barrymore and Porter.

Maurice Barrymore took the stand. The crowd pressed forward to catch every word. The witness gave a graphic and rapid recital of the affray, and explained the attitude of defence he assumed when menaced by Currie, showing artistic expertness in boxing. He testified to going to the saloon with Porter and Miss Cummins and telling them to order what they wanted, when he retired to attend to some business; on his return he was told by Miss Cummins that a funny man had been in the room and asked, "Do you want to buy a dog?" Witness remarked that this was only an expression, and seated himself to lunch, when he heard the same voice saying to Porter, "Did you mean that for me?" Porter expressed surprise; Currie was reminded that there was a lady present, and repeated the same reply of Currie as related to Harvey; witness said Currie asked him if he wanted to take it up; witness replied that he would protect the lady, and that he was not armed; Currie swore that he was not armed either; Cummins pleaded with Currie to stop; Currie then had two pistols in his hands; Currie then shot witness in the left arm; witness escaped, going into the saloon in rear; looked back and saw Currie shoot Porter; witness ran out into the yard; came back to Miss Cummins and Currie again leveled his pistol at him; Porter was in a supplicating attitude when shot; there was no one in the lunch-room but Harvey and those in the difficulty; Currie asked Porter to go outside and fight it out; Porter said he would be out presently; witness stated that he was a married man.

GALVESTON, June 14.—The News contains the following as to the second day: The defense proceeded to examine Mr. Barrymore, directing questions as to the acts of witness and Curry in the lunch-house. Witness said in a statement to the Coroner that he saw the pistol in Currie's right hand, and, on the stand yesterday, he saw two pistols in Currie's hands, though not positive of two pistols, until he saw Currie shoot Porter. Colonel Whittaker, who was proprietor of the Texas and Pacific Hotel at the time of the killing, testified that Porter said on his deathbed, "Oh, my Lord, why did that man want to kill me? what harm did I do him?" A discussion followed regarding the admissibility of this statement. It was finally admitted, Porter being thought sane by the witness, who had qualified himself to speak on this point: Currie was tremulous just after the shooting; when witness saw him he had two pistols, and reloaded them in his presence, saying, "Now let them come; they can't give me any of their guff."

In answer to the State in reference to the relevancy of this evidence the defence said that they wanted to show that the wound which Currie received six years ago was of such a character that the influence of drink on it, still unhealed, produced an effect on the mind. Witness was more or less familiar with the signs of delirium tremens, and saw a glare in Currie's eye.

The State rested their case here, retaining the privilege of introducing Miss Cummins during the trial. The State said they might bring her here to establish the mental responsibility of Currie.

The defense produced several witnesses to show that Currie had been drinking several days before and on the day of the killing. C. A. Ginocchio, keeper of the depot saloon, testified that he never saw Currie drunker than on the night of the killing. He took Currie to the depot from the Opera House saloon and left him in the lunch house. Witness went to his saloon, and ten or fifteen minutes later heard shots.

The defence then introduced the deposition of L. T. Moore, which throws a different light upon the difficulty. It places the parties in the lunch room in a different position, and makes Porter and Barrymore attack Currie, who fought in self-defence. Cross-depositions show Moore to be a mulatto school-teacher in De Soto Parish, La.; born in Gonzales County, Texas, and once a resident of Travis County. Reference as to his character is made to men residing in Travis and Anderson Counties. It is rumored about the court-house that witnesses are present from Anderson County who will not swear favorably for Moore.

THE VARIETY THEATRES.

The programme this week at Manager Donaldson's London is, as usual, a well selected budget of entertaining specialties. An evening spent at this house is an excellent investment for the amount expended in securing a seat, which, by-the-way, must be done early. Masquerading, by Sally Mason and Rob V. Ferguson; Gilsey, by Seamon, Somers, and Girard Brothers, and A Night's Adventure, by Kruger, Sparks, Moreland and Lizzie Conway, and three screaming farces, interspersed between the specialities; Lillie Howard, George Carey, Paul Hamlin and Ada Newcomb, Chance and Yale, Kitty McDermott, Sparks Brothers, the three Lorellas, Minnie Lee. This (Thursday) afternoon and evening the popular leader of the London's famous orchestra takes a benefit.

Down at Manager Geiselberg's Volks, Charles Thornton is attracting a big crowd every night with his great military drama, called Tried for Treason. The cast includes many old favorites of the regular company, and there are enough attractive features in the representation to make it well worth seeing. The early part of the evening is, as usual, devoted to a variety of specialty acts, and among the most successful may be mentioned the Jeromes, in a new Summer sketch, called Trifles; the Prescott Sisters in The Mystery; Nellie Hasson, Fanny V. Reynolds, John Pendy, Jennie Lindsay, Thatcher and Hume, and the Hassons in an Irish sketch, called The Sweet Cot Down the Hill.

Mozart's Spirit Home.

Sardou was at one time an ardent believer in Spiritualism, and I have often heard him repeat the following incident: His familiar spirit was that of Beaumarchais—naturally enough—and on one occasion the author of Les Plattes de Mouche asked his invisible friend in what part of infinite space dwelt the spirit of the great Mozart—Sardou's favorite composer. "Take a pencil," replied Beaumarchais. Sardou obeyed, and began, under the influence of the author of Figaro, to draw shapes and lines on the paper before him. Suddenly he came to the end of his paper. What was to be done? "Go to the boulevard St. Michael, such and such number," rapped Beaumarchais; "you will find there the paper you need." Sardou jumped into a cab, and was at the given address in the twinkling of an eye, but alas! to his disappointment there was nothing like a stationer's shop to be found in the house indicated by the defunct Beaumarchais. On his return home he again put himself in communication with the deceitful spirit. "Return," rapped the invisible spirit, laconically. Back went Sardou, and after making many inquiries he found that there did live a wholesale paper merchant in the house indicated by the spirit. To buy the necessary quantity of paper, return home, and seat him, and once more, pencil in hand, was but the work of a few minutes, and then, oh! what wonder of wonders!—he began involuntarily, and without any impulse of his own, to draw the most extraordinary and fantastic palaces, without doors and of an unknown style of architecture. It was there the spirit of Mozart dwelt!

The drawing-room was so extraordinary, and so marvelously well done that Sardou was anxious to have it engraved; but no engraver could be found in Paris who would undertake it, so complex and subtle were the lines, and in such a grand chaos of confusion, although forming an artistic unity. The spirit of Beaumarchais rapped Sardou out of this dilemma by instructing him to begin the sketch over again, but this time on lithographic paper. Sardou did the work within the space of a few minutes, and it is this marvelous lithograph, known as "La Maison de Mozart," which the brother of the author of "Dora"—the well-known bookseller in Brussels—sells to a few privileged amateurs. It seems almost a pity that the spirit of Beaumarchais was not a Sardou when he wrote Daniel Rochat.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Susie Singer is engaged to support Agnes Robertson.

—D. R. Locke will have a new play on the road next season.

—Emily Stowe goes with Clinton Hall's Strategists next season.

—E. G. Stone will be one of Harry Sargent's agents next season.

—Messrs. Wagner and Reis, managers of the Oil circuit, are in town.

—Carrick-a-Rede (The Rock in the Way) is the title of George C. Davenport's new play by Fred Percy.

—George C. Davenport produces his new play by Fred Percy on the 29th at Haverly's, Brooklyn.

—George Knight sends us papers from Dundee, Scotland, noticing his appearance in that city June 1.

—Joseffy will remain in this country during the Summer season, and will probably play with Theodore Thomas' orchestra next season.

—Miss Thursby contemplates returning to this country for another concert tour next season under the management of Maurice Strakosch.

—The figures published in last week's MIRROR concerning the business at the Arch, Philadelphia, were NET PROFITS of each week, and not total receipts.

—Haverly's Colored Minstrels opened last Monday evening at Oakland Gardens, Boston, to over four thousand people, despite the cold weather which prevailed that day.

—I. S. Sheppard, manager of Big Four Minstrels, has been in town the past week arranging business for next season. The past season has been very satisfactory.

—W. T. Melville goes with Clinton Hall's Strategists next season as business manager. The Strategists were a strong attraction last season, but next, its strength will be redoubled.

—Haverly is now said to have engaged Blondin, the tight-rope walker, for a tour of the United States next season. Blondin is now in Pesth, Hungary, performing at the public garden.

—Josie Loane has leased the Academy of Music, St. Johns, N. F., and will play a strong stock company, producing all the latest New York successes. Harry Mack will by business manager.

—A new singer, Miss Devere, has arrived in San Francisco from Australia via the Hawaian Islands. Miss Antonietta Leah, a prima-donna assoluta, is expected direct from Sydney by next steamer, to arrive about the 14th.

—It is related that Macready was once playing Hamlet in the West. The king was a good deal of an American, even for a man born in the western part of this free hemisphere, and Macready was a little nervous while he had to do with him. When it came time for Macready to stab the king, he provided him with a place to fall, near the steps of the throne, leaving for Macready's fall and death the centre of the stage. To Macready's surprise, the actor turned round and fell in his own prominent place, leaving him no adequate room for his death scene. However, he found another situation. After speaking to the man about the matter, the actor replied: "Well, we Western people know nothing about kings, except that they have an odd trick of doing as they please; therefore I thought as I was a king for once I had a right to die wherever I d—d pleased."

"DANIEL ROCHAT."

THE FRENCH BOB INGERSOLL TURNED INTO A PLAY BY SARDOU, AND CAST AT THE UNION SQUARE FOR NEXT SEASON.

M. Sardou's hero, Daniel Rochat, is an atheist, a man in public life, noted for the Radicalism of his speeches and writings. The scene of the play is laid at Ferney, Switzerland; the occasion is the centenary of Voltaire, upon whom Mr. Rochat makes a speech in public. While traveling through Switzerland previously, on his way to Ferney, he has met two young sisters, half English and half American, and with the eldest, Lea, he has fallen deeply in love. He finds that they are living at the Chateau of Ferney, with their aunt, and Lea goes with her friends to hear his speech.

[Enter DANIEL, surrounded by his friends and followed by the crowd. Cries of "Vive Rochat!" and "Bravo! Bravo!" Congratulations from all.

LEA—(Much moved.) Ah! Monsieur! how beautiful it was! Oh! how beautiful it was!

D.—(Radiant.) Ah! Miss Lea—of all the applause which reaches me this goes straightest to my heart!

LEA—I wept!—I do not conceal it!—I do not even resist the desire to tell you so. Oh! Monsi-ur—to find such eloquence—so much mind, and reason, and heart! . . . And how bad you were to hide yourself! Why did you not tell us who you were?

D.—Because my name does not sound well in all ears! If you had not shared my beliefs!

LEA—A daughter of America—and of free England!—a Republican by birth and race, whose father consecrated his life to all the liberties of his country!

D.—I did not know it! And in that doubt I was so afraid—yes, afraid; that is not saying too much! Enfin, Miss Lea, I was only in full possession of myself when I saw you applauding! Oh! then I rose to the occasion! And if I attained to some bursts of real eloquence, it is because my force, my conviction, my ardor, my faith, all—I drew all from you!

LEA—I would I might believe it! I should be not indifferently proud to inspire such words; and I would wish to be there always when you speak.

D.—It only rests with you to be there.

LEA—But we are not alone! They are looking at us.

D.—You see them? I do not! We are alone—and I only see and hear you!

LEA—The place is singularly chosen for such an interview.

D.—I have not chosen it. I find it favored by my emotion and your own; for your hand trembles, Lea, and it is no louger for the same reason.

LEA—But, I assure you that they are looking at us—at least, let go my hand!

D.—Oh! no, indeed! I will not let it go till you have told me that you are really willing that I should love you?

LEA—I am indeed willing, since I have already known it a long time, and have not forbidden it. But leave me my hand, now!

D.—Now, less than ever!

LEA—Then ask me for it very quickly that I may give it to you!

D.—(Carrying her hand to his lips). Oh! my love!

A RELIGIOUS DISCUSION.

In the last scene of the Second Act the pair go through the civil ceremony before the Mayor, and as the curtain falls with the company going out to breakfast, the Protestant clergyman enters, and Rochat is amazed to hear from Lea that Mr. Clarke is presently to marry them. With the opening of the Third Act the breakfast ends, and Lea enters the salon as Rochat's atheistic friend, Bidache, is persuading the bridegroom that he must not yield to the performance of the religious ceremony—his opinions, his writings, his speeches, his popularity forbid. Lea and Rochat are left alone:

LEA— . . . My dear Daniel, you will think me very curious, and I am entering very quickly on my wife's role; but what question were you debating here in grand council? You seemed to be disputing, and what about?

D.—Oh, pardon! discussing politics, religion, naturally. Fargis was sparring a little with the doctor, who is an—atheist! They are quite numerous, I assure you.

LEA—I pity them.

D.—Why? Bidache is not unhappy, not the least in the world. He is a most loyal, worthy fellow, and very intelligent. He would not ask anything better, perhaps, than to think differently! But what can he do?—a savant!—if his science demonstrates to him that there is no God?

LEA—And without positive proof he comes to tell people like us, tranquilly installed in our belief: "You imagine it is all peopled up yonder? No, it is all void! That which appears to you all blue—is all black!" Fie, then! But this conversation is a little singular for such a day.

D.—On the contrary, Lea, it is most seasonable. I must tell you that this conviction of the doctor's is that of most of my friends—and you, Lea, who like me, wish humanity happy and free!

LEA—But, Christian—not atheist! And you, Daniel, you yourself are the proof—

D.—I, Lea, to tell you truly—I think a little like them—

LEA—You, Daniel?—you, atheist? Oh! Daniel! Is it possible?—you, you! too?

D.—My beloved Lea, hear me, I pray you. You share the common prejudice which sees in the unbeliever only a man delivered over to his passions, who willingly shirks his duties, and who can be neither a respectful son, a tender husband, nor a devoted father. But what an error, my Lea! Far from that, and entirely to the contrary; instead of dissipating himself up yonder in foolish dreams, all his thoughts are directed to the loved little world which gravitates around him—all the warmth of his heart concentrates itself on this dear reality which is here, within reach of his hand—his wife, his children! And his affection for them is so much deeper, as there is nothing more, nothing better, nothing else to love! Let me speak, Lea. You protested: "An atheist!"—yes, "an atheist," fortunately for humanity! For, instead of thinking egotistically of one's own safety in the other world, we think only of the safety of our fellow creatures in this! All the attention which we no longer give to God, we give to man, to the weak, the poor, the disinherited, the suffering—to whom we say: "Your celestial happiness is illusory! That which is only too real is your present misfortune. We are going to work to give you on earth the paradise which has been promised you without guaranty in Heaven!" Isn't that good? Is it not generous, humane, charitable?

LEA—That is the bread of the body, Daniel, not that of the soul! There are other miseries than those of poverty!—the miseries of the heart! And those afflicted ones, those wounded lives, whose eyes look up yonder toward Supreme consolation—what is left for them?

D.—Resignation—as before!

LEA—Oh, no! not as before! Since there where we said to them, "Resign yourself! there is something else!" you tell them "Resign yourself! there is nothing more!"

D.—Such is life!

LEA—And death? To him who loses an adored being—to the wife who mourns her husband! to the mother who mourns her child, and who cries to you: "I shall see him again, will I not?" you answer?——

D.—Alas! no!

LEA—And coldly, implacably, you snatch from her the only hope which consoles her; and you ask me afterward: "Am I good? Am I charitable?" No; you are not good! you are not humane!—you are cruel, and that is all! Oh! Daniel, Daniel! what pain you give me! I, who saw you so noble, so grand, so devoted!—who dreamed you the champion of all generous ideas!

D.—My dear Lea, let us speak no more of what torments you. We will have all our life to think of it.

LEA—Oh! I will lead you back to God, Daniel! I swear it!

D.—Be it so, my love, be it so; but let us speak of more urgent matters. You still love me, Lea? Then, my dear heart, you must give me an immediate mark of this love beyond proof. It is not difficult; it is very simple; it is only, my dear Lea, not to go to the church!

LEA—In truth, Daniel, I am so stupified that I ask myself if I really understand you! Let me see! You ask me not to have our union blessed by Mr. Clarke?

D.—That is it. Remember that this interferes in no way with your convictions. You think what you please. I only demand the sacrifice of the exterior, the envelope, the service—that is all!

LEA—But, Daniel—have you thought of it?—that is simply asking me not to be your wife!

D.—Oh! pardon, that is done—here, a little while ago, by M. Turler.

LEA—By three words said by this man? Don't say that, Daniel. It is the temple and the altar which constitute the sanctity of this act,—the first thing instituted by God!

D.—Yes, in those times! But we are not in Paradise, Lea; we are here at Geneva on the ground. Let us stay here, my beloved, I beseech you, and not fly away. We will talk of heaven to-morrow—when you wish!—this evening!

LEA—Now, Daniel! It is not to be deferred, since he is to unite us.

D.—But we are united, I repeat it, to you, and for everybody.

LEA—Except for me, however, who am to be a little consulted. Truly, Daniel, I do not believe, do not feel myself your wife. And I will only consider myself as such when I shall come out of church on your arm!

D.—That is to say Lea, that with your high intelligence you allow yourself to be taken like every woman with the show of the exterior form! . . . all which acts upon the nerves. Confess that this is really very childish!

LEA—You deceive yourself, Daniel. Mr. Clarke is going to receive us in black, and with no embroidery—in a modest little village church, where there will be neither stained windows, nor organ, nor perfumes. And if I enter there with an emotion which I did not feel in the Mr. Turler's presence, it is because that which is sacred is far removed from that which is legal. If in pledging you unlimited love and devotion my whole soul melts in an infinite tenderness, it is because I will say: "God is there! He hears me! and all the vows I make are addressed to Him!" . . . The sacrifice which I demand of you is not comparable to that which you exact of me. For you it is only to consent to what you judge to be useless, while for me it is a question of renouncing all which I consider indispensable. Compare, I pray you, my exaction with yours—see if our two desires balance equally, and if you are permitted to hesitate between the slight annoyance to which I subject you in leading you to the altar, and the great and deep grief which you would impose on me in refusing to conduct me thither. I am going to get ready. I will return in five minutes, take your arm, and we will go to church, and you shall see, my dear Daniel, that one comes out of it no worse than before. To-morrow, as you say, we will talk of heaven, and we will be so happy that you will be forced to confess that it was worth something. Adieu! for a few minutes.

THE GREAT SCENE OF THE PLAY.

In the next scene Lea refuses to leave her aunt's house with Daniel, who still insists that they are properly married, and the bridegroom as firmly refusing to go to church, departs with his friends. Another scene opens and discovers Lea alone in her own sitting-room on the same evening.

LEA (reading)—Can it be, Lea, that two beings who love each other are at the point of writing to each other on such a day? In truth I ask myself if all this is indeed real. At this hour, dear treasure of my life, I ought to carry you off in my arms—and here we are separated by the most foolish of all causes. Our doors are side by side; between the house where I am and yours there is only a little stream, the foliage of the two banks mingles, and we are leagues apart! Let a word of tenderness bring us together for an instant, my Lea, I beseech you! Receive me this evening, one minute, one second, that the first day of our marriage may not end in an isolation so cruel! I was a little irritated a while ago—violent, wounding, perhaps; I acknowledge it; forget it, I pray you; let me merit my pardon and prove to you that in this impious heart there is at least one sacred image—yours—and one religion beyond proof—my love for you!" Is that you, Claudine? [Enter Daniel.]

D.—No, Lea, it is I! You were writing to me, were you not? I have done well then to come and talk with you instead of corresponding thus at a distance. When I received your cold note which refused me this interview, I took my decision. I cleared the stream which separates this park from Fargis',—and, the lights on every floor revealing that all had retired to their rooms, I crossed the vestibule hastily—I knew the road and came straight here. No one saw me,—and, above all, what is more natural than my presence here near you this evening? . . .

LEA—You are not dealing with one of your own countrywomen here, Daniel. I am of a race whose daughters are taught to know danger and defend themselves against it. I understand you very well. You say to yourself: "Let it be known that I am here to-night! That is sufficient, and to-morrow Lea, compromised, can no longer refuse to follow me. I avoid the church, and all is over!" Confess that this is what you hope! What you are doing is disloyal. Go, and do not commit the unworthy act of dishonoring this evening the woman who to morrow will be your wife. You are more than my betrothed, but less than my husband. Once again, go, and do not give cause for believing what is not true. I love you with all my heart, Daniel, you know it—and it is for that that I wish to keep myself worthy of you.

D.—And why keep yourself, or, rather, why take yourself back,—for you have given yourself to me, and you have no right to rob me of your love,—which is mine!

LEA—Daniel! I will call! Go, I beg of you.

D.—Not before knowing whether you love me as much as you say!

LEA—It rests with you to be sure of it. The church is yonder, ready to open to us, even at night.

D.—Leave the church there, and let us not seek heaven so far away! Let us stay here, my dearest, with our love, which I will make the sole worship of all my life!

LEA—Do not blaspheme, Daniel! Do not say that. There is no love without God.

D.—There is, since I love you! Is this love—this cold reason which disputes what is permitted and what is not, and which places ever between us the desolating image of its frozen God? My cherished Lea, does she who really loves think of God? Her only God is love!

LEA—Is this love? The earthly passion, without hope of another life where our souls meet again?

D.—What matter! if the present gives us all its joys?

LEA—What joys—whose end is so easily seen! I would rather take my heart in my two hands and strangle it, than to demand from it so much to give it so little in return.

D.—So little! I am right then—you do not love me?

LEA—I do not love you! I do not love him! Earth is enough for him! We love, we die, and all is told! And for me a whole life of love is not sufficient, and I do not love him! I do not love you, and I want you here, up yonder, everywhere, mine, and always mine! always! always! Dare you talk of your love which admits an end before mine which would be eternal!—and compare your groveling passion with my tenderness which has wings! . . O, my Daniel! allow yourself to be persuaded, convinced! Believe me—believe, I beseech you! It is God who has placed me on your pathway to lead you back to His love by my own! You must not be ungrateful! If I am there it is by His grace! Do something for him! and for me! I am worth that! and I will love you so much, and so much, and so much! And it will be so good, and so great, and so pure! What do I ask in exchange?—so little! Only to believe in your soul! is it so hard, then? Oh! you have a soul, have you not? Say that you have a soul—say it!

D.—Two—yours and mine!

LEA—Ours! Say that you believe in God—a little—just a little!

D.—I believe in the God in your heart and the Heaven in your eyes!

LEA—Ah! demon! leave me! leave me! No, it is too mad, too cowardly to deny my faith for your Satan's pleasure! Leave me the joy of being yours without remorse—wholly yours!

D.—And if I were willing at this hour?

LEA—You are willing! Look!—that light yonder is Mr. Clarke's! We will cross the park and I will come back your wife—your true wife! Come! come, quickly!

D.—Again! always!

LEA—Oh! this man! this man whom I love, who has only three steps to make, two words to hear, and I would fall into his arms; and who hesitates, who refuses; and cries afterward: "I adore you!"

D.—Madly, and you know it too well! You who take advantage of my distraction and bewilderment.

LEA—To lead you to eternal wisdom! Come, victim of my love, captive of my heart, resign yourself to defeat, and come! The stars are looking down upon us, and the air is full of perfumes! Come, then, come!

D.—At least alone! Let no one know it but the pastor and yourself?

LEA—No one! I consent to that? conceal it like a crime? Never! do you hear, never! Deny your faith if you wish; I attest mine. I am a Christian, and I glory in it. . . Oh! that is hateful! that is hateful! I am at your feet! I plead! I weep! I yield myself at last—I yield! And I only ask one heart-throb, the devotion of a second; and you bargain still! . . In my very arms you still dream of the possible agreement between your love and your mad impiety—your wife and your unwholesome popularity!

D.—No. I have said nothing. I ask nothing. Come.

LEA—No, I will not. I am no longer willing. I was mad to accept this clandestine marriage during the night, which you can always deny, or at least keep silence about. I want to proclaim it, advertise it, cry it everywhere. It is my triumph to have made you bow before God. You are not willing that I should grace myself with it—glory in it. Go, then! You don't know me, Daniel. You shall come yonder, do you hear, with all my friends and all yours, with the knowledge of the whole city, and in broad daylight, and you shall go in by the great entrance, or I swear to God you shall never cross the threshold of this! Let us finish—and you understand what I am about to do. I am going to ring; they will come, and I will explain your presence in my apartment. You have changed your mind, and have come, having decided for an immediate religious marriage. I will wake up the whole house, send for your witnesses, and Mr. Clarke will marry us before all my friends, and all yours. And beware, that if you belie me, and do not explain your presence here in the way that I have just said, I will leave this very night, and you will never see me again in your life. (Ringing.) It is done! Now you can leave before they come, and go out of the park without being seen, as you entered it, and all is finished between us. That is a right which I leave you still. But hasten, for they are coming upstairs, and will be here in five minutes. You will stay?

D.—You have broken the charm, Lea. I was resigned to everything, but with you alone for witness.

LEA—And you are going?

D.—For your honor—since they are coming. To-morrow you will consent to what I asked you this evening, and I will do for you what I have promised you.

LEA—Beware, Daniel—beware! let our love never see that to-morrow! Oh, stay, then—stay! Oh! Daniel, I beseech you!

D.—No, no! To-morrow, my dearest—to-morrow! [Exit.

THE DIVORCE AND FINALE.

In the fifth act, the time being the following day, Rochat's atheistic friend secretly procures an act of divorce which he insists upon presenting to Lea to sign with the alternative of losing her husband. He is sure that she will renounce her scruples; and while he is still arguing with Daniel, who resents his interference and forbids him to present the paper to Lea, that young lady enters with her aunt, sister and other friends. Daniel and Lea are left alone while the others retire to a little salon back of the study with the door open between.

D.—Lea!——Lea, I have nothing to do with this, I swear it to you, and it has all been done without me!

LEA—I know it, Daniel; they have told me so.

D.—And you have come? Why?

LEA—Something must be done, my friend. I am weary of this strife. I have no longer the courage to continue it, and you ought, like me, to wish it ended. . . . Here I am, Daniel, what are we going to do? One of us must do violence to his convictions. I refuse and no longer believe that I have the right to demand such a sacrifice from you. Do you know what I am afraid of, my friend? That we have been indeed deceived, both one and the other! That I am not she whom you imagined, and you are not he whom I believed?

D.—No, Lea, there is no mistake! You are indeed the best and the best loved of women, and I am still he whom you judged worthy of you! And if I go to the church in broad daylight, as you desired?

LEA—You will regret it to-morrow! You regret it already! You will never forgive me this sacrifice made to the passion of the moment. Do not protest, my friend. This will be between us a constant subject of bitterness and reproaches, and the sad cause of our discussions still existing, they will be renewed each instant, and the wound in our hearts will ever grow larger, devouring all our happiness!

D.—And if I swear to you, Lea, that never a word of regret, never a reproach—

LEA—And even then, would I accept this devotion which costs you so dear? What value has it for me? I wished all to come from impulse and conviction! Ah! if you had consented in that way! But if I drag you to church in spite of yourself! What a victory! It is far from the triumph which I had imagined of my faith over your impiety! I did not wish to make you yield, Daniel, I wanted to make you believe. And I have succeeded so little in inspiring you with my faith that it is you that have wounded all my beliefs,—and mortally that which I had in you!

D.—Do not say that, Lea; you make me afraid.

LEA—I see things as they are. Nothing can make me to-day what I was yesterday. And this morning, at my sad awaking, when I sought in my heart the sweet image which I had made there of you, Daniel [weeping], I no longer found it; it is no more there.

D.—But I have kept yours, Lea. It is always here, and more adored than ever.

LEA—O, dismiss it, then, since everything separates us!

D.—No; since you are weeping.

LEA—I weep for my lost love, my vanished dreams! All that you have killed.

D.—But which shall live again! Come to the church, my beloved wife, and think no more of the sacrifice that I make for you, except to judge by it the greatness of my love. Let us go at once. Come, with all your friends and all mine. Come! come! It is you who refuses now.

LEA—No, Daniel; I have promised to be your wife on that condition, and as a loyal girl I will keep my word, if you exact it. I do what I may, Daniel. I go there, like you, without conviction; for I know too well where that will lead us.

D.—To the happiness of our whole life!

LEA—Alas, no!

D.—But, then—when you came, it was then I—this divorce. You wanted to sign this act which separates us! You have come to that? Is it possible! Sign that! I! and lose you! Give you up! Oh, never! never! Do you hear? Never!

LEA—Well, then, I have told you, I am ready. You are giving me great pain, my friend. I swear it to you. What do you want me to do? Tell me.

D.—I want you to love me still. I will it, do you hear? I will it.

LEA.—I will be your wife! I have told you so!

D.—But not thus! Ah, unhappy woman, what dreadful vengeance you have taken! To give yourself thus, cold, frozen, dead! At each word, at each step, your soul is torn from mine, and recedes, and still recedes, and leaves me alone! I seek you—you are no longer there! I call you—you no longer hear me! I press you in my arms—you are only a shadow now, and very soon will be but a dream!

LEA—But I am here, Daniel, ready to obey you!

D.—But I do not wish you to obey me. Oh! anything rather than this resignation, which is killing me! Your anger, if you will, your anger of last night! At least it was passion—it was life! But this death which tears us living one from the other! It is too dreadful! I cannot bear it! Oh, say that you cannot bear it either! Say it! Nothing! Your hand is frozen like your tears! Nothing! Nothing more! All is dead! Oh, my God! it is finished, then! it is finished!

LEA—(after a silence.) Daniel, what do you wish me to do?

D.—(Gathering his forces, and with great effort.) Sign!

[Lea signs, and then, her handkerchief at her eyes, goes out between her aunt and her sister. A profound silence follows. Daniel waits for a last look from her who does not come back. He turns toward the table with a firm step as the curtain falls.]

J. B.—June 7, 1880.

[Puck.]

The Actor's dead—and Memory alone
Recalls the genial magic of his tone:
Marble nor canvas nor the printed page
Shall tell his genius to another age—
A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less—
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.
Yet, if a half a century from to-day,
A tender smile about our old lips play;
And if our grandchild query who nce it came
We'll say: "A thought of Brougham"—and that is Fame.

— The Brenham (Texas) Opera House is to be improved to the extent of $4,000. It will be in Manager Greenwald's circuit the coming season, and will have all the leading attractions.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

A "CAPTIOUS CRITIC" IN A RETROSPECTIVE MOOD—THE DRAMATIC IDOLS LOUISVILLE HAS CRADLED—WELL-KNOWN NAMES IN THEATRICAL LIFE AS THEY APPEARED THEN.

[Louisville Argus.]

Louisville, as poor a show-town as it has been, has cradled many of the dramatic idols of to day, and I doubt if any other Western country can lay claim to having nursed as many of the present-day favorites. Unfortunately for us, however, they were taught their A, B, C's here, and then departed for other fields to learn the higher branches. A person will not have to look back many years to find that among the names of the members of our old stock companies appeared many of the favorites of the present day, and a number of the stars, upon the stage at the present time, held subordinate positions in our theatres.

Fanny Davenport started out at the old opera house, then under the management of Col. George Fuller, as soubrette.

Ada Gray, now quite a favorite star in some localities, was formerly a walking lady in one of our old companies, and Rachael Johnson, now the honored wife of Bernard Macauley, was leading lady here for one season, and Mr. Macauley was probably one of the best leading men, especially in Shakesperean parts, that Louisville ever had, and this is indeed high praise when one stops to think that our old companies contained as good talent as the country afforded. Kitty Blanchard, who is now creating a sensation in London, where, in company with her husband, McKee Rankin, she is playing in the Danites, was a soubrette here during the war, and crowded the theatre by singing "Sherman's March to the Sea," and she received the name of "The Pet of Sherman's army." Mary Mitchell, a sister of the now famous Maggie, was for a season leading lady here, and her husband, John Albaugh, now the manager of several Eastern theatres, was leading man of the same company. Alice Atherton formerly played child parts at the old Opera House under her real name, Alice Hogan. J. M. Hardie played leading business at the same theatre one season, and afterward went to McVicker's, Chicago. Edwin Booth once said to the writer, "Hardie plays seconds to me better than any other actor I ever played with; he has the material in him to make a great actor." Ella Wesner, now one of the most popular stars upon the variety stage, was a member of the stock company at Wood's Theatre during the war, and during her engagement took the part of Harlequin in a pantomime.

Nellie Johnson was leading lady of the same company, and although she was a talented actress she would occasionally imbibe too freely, and therefore was not reliable. During the season that Wharfe & Simpson managed the Metropolitan Theatre she took the leading parts in such blood-and-thunder dramas as were there presented. Al Lipman, who was for a season associate manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, and who made his first appearance upon the stage at that establishment, is now an actor of no mediocre reputation, and was last season a member of Macauley's Uncle Dan'l company. W. T. Melville was at one time a member of the old Opera House company, and he was as great a favorite with the audiences as he was heartily disliked by his brother actors.

Cordelia Cappelle, leading lady of the same company, and who has been a member of a number of the best companies in the country, was always fair in everything, but never good in anything. She had the "grand tragic air" in a superlative degree, and seemed to consider all parts, save those in Shakespeare, beneath her notice—many bad actresses do. Alice Oates-Titus-Watkins was born and raised in Louisville, and her parents, if I mistake not, live here still. Alice never amounted to much, save in a marrying way, and I doubt not a majority of our good citizens would willingly permit her to claim any other city as that of her nativity. Joseph Proctor, a member of one of our oldest stock companies, and a finished actor, finds it more profitable to play sensational pieces in variety theatres than to adhere to the legitimate boards, and E. T. Stetson, leading man at the Opera House during the season of 1869-70, has made more money in one season out of his drama, entitled Neck and Neck, a purely sensational variety piece, than he could have earned in ten years as a member of a stock company. Oliver Doud Byron, who played leading business at the Opera House under his right name, Oliver B. Doud, has made a small fortune out of his Across the Continent. Charles De Groat of the Opera House stock, and once a fine old man, has degenerated into playing seconds to a variety theatre star actress. De Groat at one time aspired to be a star, and believed that he was the greatest Falstaff on the stage, but he fell a prey to rheumatism and was obliged to relinquish his fond desire. His wife, May Preston, was a fair little actress, but she did not make her appearance upon our stage for several years after her debut.

Harry Langdon, leading and heavy man at the old Opera House, still remains in the profession (although he must be now a very old man), and there are few more reliable Shakespearean actors on the stage.

Joe Grismer, Mat Lingham, Lewis James, Ada Monk, Mrs. Drake, Blanche and Ella Chapman, Maria Bates, and numerous others I might name, were members of our old stock companies and have since won fame and fortune upon the stage. Louisville also deserves credit for having given to the stage Mary Anderson, Charley Bowser—who, by the way, is destined to make his mark in the profession—and Florence White. The latter I have never seen except as an amateur, but if I may believe what I hear she shows promise of becoming a fine actress.

—J. B. Polk's company next season will consist of Emma Pierce, Virginia Buchanan, Lizzie Hight, Louise Dickson, Walter Kelley, J. V. Milton, Murray Wood, Milton Rainford, Frank Losee, Charles Parker and Clarke Leonard. Time is rapidly being filled for a season extending from September to May. The second act of the comedy has been altered and improved.

DRIFTWOOD.

The female parts in Japanese plays are all taken by men—as in Chinese. These men look immensely tall, for the Japanese women are tiny creatures; but they imitate ridiculously well the little, short, ambling, pigeon-toed steps, for it is the height of bad breeding for a Japanese woman not to walk with toes well turned in. Also they dress their hair with the greatest fidelity, and tune their voices to the female pitch. Japanese women have figured conspicuously in the history and literature of the country, but they do not dramatize the Japanese heroine extensively. They prefer bloody battles, feuds between the great daimos, and stories of long vendettas. Kazuma's Revenge is of this latter type, and the endless expedients to which a couple of Japanese samurai resorted to get the better of each other became tiresome through the fellows unpacking their souls too much in words before they fell to fighting. The Danjoro took a leaf from Clara Morris' book, and gave us a scene of physical suffering. He fell a-shivering with a chill. His jaws chattered, his teeth rattled, and he became actually livid with cold. They piled covering on him, but he shivered through it all until one actually pitied him, and it seemed impossible that it could not be real. Then the fever came upon him. His throat grew parched, his tongue thick, his eyes glassy. He tossed the covering off impatiently, and began to rave. The illusion was quite as vivid as the first. Then, in a twinkling, he restored himself to his normal condition. It had been a play within a play. He had denied himself to a friend or enemy on plea of illness, and when the visitor forced himself in he was seized with sickness. The gallery grunted a most forcible approval, and there was the glisten of warm commendation in the soft, dark eyes all around us.

Men and women smoked incessantly. Intent as they are upon the play, they do not forget almost unconsciously to roll their tobacco into the little pills which fill their tiny pipe-bowls. They are exceedingly impressible audiences, and melt to smiles or tears with a readiness most flattering to an actor. They have a merry, light laugh which flutters all over the house in the pleasantest way when the actor points a joke. When he promises to become pathetic they pull out their little blue cotton squares, and prepare to weep. In a moment the big tears roll out of their soft black eyes, and a subdued sobbing may be heard here and there. But their emotions are evanescent. When the curtain falls, and and the waiters come in with the "chow," they fall to at the rice or fish served up on "old blue" with a will. As for the tea pot, it is kept in the box all day, and filled at frequent intervals by the attentive waiters.

There is much rushing back and forth between the acts. There is a grand exodus of all who do not stop to eat. You will see pretty girls of fourteen, sixteen or eighteen, brilliant with cosmetics, ambling to the door with their funny little gait, to exchange confidences with some young friend whom they have signaled across the house. You may know what they are talking about, for it is the custom to fall madly in love with the actors. The highest classes do not patronize the theatre. It is a plebeian form of entertainment. But the masses place the actors on such a pinnacle of popularity that we could quite understand the strut even of the "supes" and minor actors whose dressing-room is in the front of the house among the properties. We had seen them in various stages of make up—for the cosmetic art has attained a high degree of perfection in Japan—as we passed up the eccentric staircase. They go up the aisle, straight through the audience, to get on or off the stage; but this long walk is taken in a high-art style which is something delightful.

The friends of the late John Brougham who followed his remains to Greenwood on Wednesday were unusually delayed there by the difficulty of getting the coffin into the grave, too narrow for its easy lowering. The cause of this was eminently characteristic of the comedian and his extreme goodness of heart. A little while ago, a young actress, Amy Fawcett, died here in impoverished circumstances, and Brougham, though very poor himself, both in fortune and in health, gave part of his lot for her burial, rendering the space between his dead wife and the young actress hardly sufficient for his own interment, soon to succeed. Even after death his exceeding generosity hampered him; he had barely enough ground to lie in at the last. It seems one of the numberless sarcasms of nature and destiny that a man so overflowing with affection, sympathy, and tenderness as Brougham was should have had no children by either of his wives. In a certain way he adopted all needy humanity as his offspring, and succored and contributed to it like a prodigal father—always beyond his means. He was very fond of pets—generally a substitute for children—and it was fortunate for his dogs, cats, and birds that they all died before him. He was certainly one of the most disinterested of men.

Those intimate with him ever since he had come to America—near forty years—say that they had never known him to be guilty of a mean, dishonorable, or selfish act. Of how very few men can this be truthfully said? Since his death, any number of gentle incidents in his life have been recalled. One of these is noteworthy. After he had played here some time he became a marked favorite on the stage, particularly with women, who were captivated by his handsomeness, his grace, and his vivacity. He received, of course, many letters, flowers and mementoes of the romantically-silly sort, to which he paid no attention. One of these dreamy adorers signed her own name to her billets, and wrote repeatedly, despite the discouragement of silence. She was very desirous of meeting the comedian, beseeching again and again the privilege of an interview. Finally, Brougham named a time and place for their meeting. She came promptly, and proved to be very young, decidedly pretty, and of good social position. She was well educated and clever, too; but her judgment and common sense had been warped by the morbid sentiment that belongs to such an age. Instead of making love to her, he read her a moral lecture; talked to her literally like a father; pointed out the great danger of her conduct, and told her that most men would take advantage of her innocence.

"It sounds very egotistic," he added, "for me to say it, my child, but all actors are not John Broughams." She was moved to tears and to the deepest gratitude by his kind counsel; declared that he had opened her eyes to her folly, and that she would not be guilty of it again. She kissed his hand at parting, and went away, it is said, completely changed. A year or two after she was married. She invited the comedian, as the story runs, to her wedding, but he did not go. He had been much attracted to her, and he knew enough of human nature to know that, under the circumstances, prudence, if not safety, consisted in his keeping away. John Brougham was a man of the world, but he was also a man of heart, and, above all, a man of honor.

James B. Roberts, an old-time actor, long retired from the profession, leaned back in his chair at his residence, on Park avenue, Philadelphia, and gave himself up to reminiscences suggested by the death of Brougham.

"What a list of them there were," said Mr. Roberts, musingly, "and how they are all passing away! There was Harry Placide and Tom Placide, William R. Blake, W. E. Burton, Charlotte Cushman, Susan Cushman, Edwin Forrest, John R. Scott, George Jordan, John Gilbert, George Jamison, James W. Wallack, Jr., J. B. Buxton, J. S. Brown and a score of others, contemporaries of John Brougham thirty years ago, actors and actresses, each one of whom was a star in the fullest sense of the term. Blake was a great actor. We'll never see his like again. Old-man parts were his forte. Then there was George Jordan, one of the handsomest men on the stage. He, with John E. Owens and Mark Smith, raised a company of Confederate volunteers at New Orleans, where they had been acting, at the breaking out of the war, but through some failure to receive the support they expected it never amounted to anything, and Jordan went to England and died there. Mark Smith afterward came North, and was engaged to support Forrest in a piece at the Academy of Music, but the sentiment was so strong against him he did not appear.

"John Brougham and a few others who survive him represent the classic age of the American drama. They were all first-class actors. Blake and Placide were the leading old men of the country. Burton's company at the old National, which stood where the Continental now stands forty years ago, was the best that America ever saw. Burton had John R. Scott, Edmon S. Conner, William Wheatley, N. B. Clark, George Jamison, James W. Wallack, James B. Roberts, J. S. Brown, J. B. Buxton, Mrs. Fanny Fitzwilliams, Mrs. Josephine Clifton (one of the handsomest women on the stage), Mrs. Melinda Jones and Mrs. J. W. Wallack.

"That," said Mr. Roberts, rising and walking about with animation, "was a company the like of which you do not see nowadays. They were all first-class. Each or any could play leading parts. When Forrest came there to play he was splendidly supported. Just imagine all these stars in a company together supporting Forrest! Are we not forced to conclude, when we look back, that the drama has degenerated? Lord of mercy, yes! We don't have anything like that in these days. Remember, too, that we did not play to anything like the amount of money that is played to in these times. When Forrest got $250 a night it was considered most exorbitant. Joseph Jefferson often plays to $700 a night now. Money was not so plenty then. The country was young and people worked harder for what they got."

About twenty years ago, when H. A. Langdon was younger than he is now, he played in The Cataract of the Ganges, in the Winter Garden, New York. The scenery was gorgeous and startling. In one scene Langdon was chained to an immense granite pillar in a dungeon cell or some such place. An elephant rushes on, tears away the chains, and rescues Langdon. They had a real trained elephant, no pasteboard business, and the act took immensely. One night some villains gave the elephant two bottles of whisky, and the huge brute got beyond the control of its keeper; in fact it began to chase that estimable individual around the back of the stage. Meanwhile the chained Langdon began to get anxious, as he stood bound before the audience, hearing crash after crash behind the scenes.

"What's the matter?" he cried in a hoarse whisper to a man in the wings.

"Elephant's drunk," laconically shouted the man, as he sought a place of safety.

The elephant made a break for Langdon, who tried to release his chained hands but could not. Down came the wing next him as the elephant came through it; and as there was no time to lose Langdon strode out into the orchestra, carrying on his back the pillar, apparently weighing hundreds of tons.

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle: "Captain Sam, chief of the Piutes, has made his debut as an impressario in a plug-hat. The enterprising sachem conceived the idea of exhibiting his dusky subjects to the admiring gaze of the whites in the very unsuggestive evolutions of the Piute can-can. Sam was not able to secure a hall, and was therefore obliged to give the performance on the street, trusting to the generosity of the public for his profit. At about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon sixteen red-legged brunettes appeared before the International Hotel and formed in a semicircle to perform the war-dance. There were two Piute leaders of the ballet, and fourteen coryphees, the orchestra consisting of two bucks beating time with sticks. The costumes of the dancers consisted mainly of paint, effectively set off by breech-clouts, in which they imitated the civilized stage favorites very closely; showing that the influences of civilization had not been utterly wasted upon the simple child of the sage-brush. Considerable taste and variety were displayed in the make-up of the troupe. One cadaverous savage had laid a ground-work of ghastly yellow on his face and set it off with horizontal bars of white and green, giving an expression of perfect repose to his features.

"One of the end-men was gorgeously arrayed in a plume of rooster's feathers, and had carefully indicated his ribs and shoulder-blades with streaks of white paint. But the greatest care and artistic skill was lavished upon the adornment of the dancers' legs, in which again the influence of civilization can be traced by the student of sociology. Red or yellow groundwork with white polka-dots appeared to be the favorite style, though some varied the monotony with green stripes. The Piute war-dance has the merit of simplicity. The dancers stamp their feet upon the ground alternately and chant a droning song, while the leader makes a flimsy pretence of playing upon some imaginary musical instrument, the absence of which is appreciated by the audience. Captain Sam appeared yesterday in a plug-hat, his everyday felt being made useful as a contribution-box. His face was less gorgeously ornamented than the faces of his troupe, a daub of white on each cheek-bone and a blue streak down his nose being sufficient to satisfy Sam's love of display.

Of pleasant plays one Kramsack, a charcoal-burner in the Austrian Tyrol, wrote no less than thirty, all of which were placed upon the boards. A peasant, Birch-Pfeiffer, lived some years ago at Haelting. She was at one time the leading actress of a peasant theatre at Bucksenhausen, and in her old days she employed her time by making dramas on subjects taken from legends of the saints, enriching them for the stage from her own imagination. She wrote nearly eighty pieces. It was very seldom that the names of these peasant dramatists appeared on the placards. Their favorite subjects are the legends of Mary, of the saints, of Hirlanda and Genofeva, and also the patrons of the church. A certain Peter Rass once got in a sad dilemma with one of these pieces. Adolf Pichler relates that at the commencement of the century Rass went with some players to Buchsenhausen and Miran, but at Burgis he met a rival who had composed a piece called St. John of Nepomuk. Rass stole this, remodeled it and brought it out on his stage. The real author lodged a complaint in the court. Rass was cited and said that within two days he would show that the play had not been stolen. So he mounted his Pegasus and on the third day had composed 1,400 verses and was, consequently, declared free. After the legends the Bible is drawn upon for subjects—David and Goliah, Joseph in Egypt, The Three Wise Men, etc. Then we have dramas of peasant life, as The Peasant King. Another is The Devil's Conversion. In one play there is a very interesting conference of devils, in which they discuss the best means of leading human beings astray. Of farce very little is known. The origin of these plays is to be found in the old religious plays of the Jesuits, which degenerated with the wane of religious influence.

"But about Metamora, Mr. Conner; you say Brougham made Forrest very angry."

"Oh, Forrest was very mad—hated him like poison for the way he burlesqued him. Brougham stopped playing it altogether when he saw it annoyed Forrest so. Forrest cried with mortification the first time he saw him play it. You see the imitation was so perfect, even to his make-up. He used to fix himself up exactly like Forrest, even stuffed the calves of his legs so they would be large like Forrest's (whose calves were enormous), and wore a whig and whiskers so near like Forrest's that the imitation was almost perfect. It was the richest thing that ever was! Forrest, after working up to the most tragic point, used to draw a great knife and cry out: "With this knife my father, Narragansett, slew the white man!' John Brougham had it: 'With this knife my father, Narragansett, slew sheep for Schneider, in the Bowery!'"

It takes eight hogsheads of dried leaves to scatter on the stage in the first act of Davy Crockett. The leaves are gathered in the Fall and stored away for future use. As soon as the curtain goes down the stage men open the centre trap, or grave-digger's trap, and sweep the leaves into it, while the fiends down stairs stow them away. When Frank Mayo was playing in Detroit his first engagement he was in a hurry to cross the stage after the first act, and accordingly strode through the pile of leaves on the centre of the stage. Before anyone could stop him he stepped into the pile and instantly disappeared amid a cloud of leaves down eighteen feet into the depths. This incident seemed to displease Mr. Mayo, for when one of the company said, "You took your 'leave' rather suddenly," Frank never smiled.

Many of the friends—and their number is legion—of the late Dan Bryant, the negro minstrel, wonder that his grave in Calvary Cemetery has been so neglected. On the 9th of May, 1875, he was buried there by the side of his brother, Jerry Bryant, who died in 1861. The plot is very small and triangular in shape, and all that distinguishes it as a burying plot is a stunted hedge of evergreen, which looks as though it had not been trimmed for years. There is nothing, no headstone or board or mound even, to indicate that this is the final resting place of one of the most popular stage favorites of New York and the entire country. Environed by monuments on every side, and flowers and other tokens of sweet and lowing remembrance, his grave is barren of the slightest memento of stricken and sympathetic hearts.

Steele Mackaye played Lord Travers in An Iron Will (Hazel Kirke) on the road. He has always insisted that Squire Rodney is a very strong part in the play. He has now replaced Dominick Murray in that character. This reminds us of the manager of the Surrey Theatre, London, who was trying to persuade Thorne to play the part (which everybody else had refused) of a drunken sailor in a pantomime, assuring him that it was worthy of T. P. Cooke.

"What do you think of the part, Mr. Bowers?" asked the manager of the prompter, expecting endorsement.

"It's a beautiful part, sur," replied Bowers; "the gratest ganius might be proud to play it—I'd be proud to play it meesilf!"

"So you shall, then," replied the manager; "just cast yourself for it directly."

When the Ada Cavendish party left Detroit they went direct to St. Louis. They were to reach that village at seven in the morning, and they slept the sleep of the just in a palace car. Sutherland, who came from England with Miss Cavendish, was up at five o'clock to see that all was ready to disembark. The conductor told him that they were three hours late. Mr. Sutherland went to the door of the private room that was occupied by Miss Cavendish, and rapping loudly, called out, "Lady Ada! Lady Ada! Lady Ada!" until everybody was awake. Finally Miss Cavendish awoke and said she would be ready soon. "No," cried Sutherland, "don't get up. I just wanted to tell you that you might sleep three hours longer."

From John Hollingshead's "Plain English:"—"The clearest handwriting I ever saw came to me in the shape of three plays, sent in one bundle; and a letter, equally clear and business-like, came to me within a week, and at a busy season of the year, to know if I had read these plays, and had decided on one or all. Another gentleman was a little more peculiar, not to say unreasonable. In the morning he sent a bundle which appeared to me to be written in Chaldee. In the evening he caught me at the stage door, and seemed surprised that, as a scholar and a gentleman, I had not fluently read his piece, which was written in Gurney's shorthand."

Iolanthe is not particularly interesting as a play, but Ellen Terry makes a lovely picture in a pale blue jersey-like underdress, over which falls a long, trailing garment of cloth of silver edged with ermine and cut in the mediæval style such as we are accustomed to see in the portraits of Queen Berengaria. None of the critics have noticed the perfect stage management, which turns the sky behind the pine stems slowly from broad, glowing day to bright red, and then the fading sunset. Irving has never looked so well as he does as the knightly Tristan.

Barrett and McCullough played the first engagement in a new theatre in Virginia City, and this partly accounted for the great rush that night. The manager repeatedly called the actors' attention to the new and splendid scenery, which he thought was pretty good for a place so far West. The scenery, however, on account of the smallness of the stage, interfered with the actors; but they had their revenge at the final combat between Richmond and Richard. With every sweep of his sword McCullough cut into the scenery and the flies above until they hung in ribbons.

No human being can care to know whether or not English actors or actresses have learnt French, and let them speak it ever so well, they will never do so better than the dirtiest of little boys who play about the streets of Paris. A knowledge of foreign languages is not what is sought for on the English stage. We might just as well be asked to applaud an actress because in the midst of a performance she shows that she can sew, or an actor because he displays an intimate acquaintance with comic sections.

John Brougham's Will.

The will of John Brougham has been filed in the Surrogate's office. The instrument was executed shortly before his decease, and the signature was evidently a painful effort, as it is written in a tremulous hand and scarcely legible. The following is the will:

I, John Brougham, of the city, county, and State of New York, actor and playwright, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament. I give, devise and bequeath to my faithful friend James A. Ship all my wardrobe, private and theatrical. I give, devise and bequeath all the rest and residue of my property, both real and personal, together with all my right, title and interest in and to my plays and the copyrights pertaining thereto to Annie Deland Finegan (whose maiden name was Annie Deland), and I declare that said property shall be for her sole and separate use and benefit, and that her receipt, notwithstanding her present or any future marriage, shall be a valid and effectual discharge of the same; to all my friends I leave kind thoughts. I appoint Annie Deland Finegan and Laura Philips the executrixes of this will.

In witness whereof I, John Brougham, have, to this, my last will and testament, subscribed my hand this 28th day of May, 1880.

"Les Dindous de la Farce."

The plot of this piece, which was recently produced at the Athenee Theatre, Paris, which is described as outrageously indecent, is as follows: Three silly elderly individuals have each discovered letters addressed to their respective wives which to their minds are "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ" that their better halves have played them false; these billets-doux are all signed Beaurayon. The trio of noodles accordingly plan a terrible scheme of revenge—none other than, having first made out the said Beaurayon, to endow him with a wife of his own, an expedient which will soon cause him to suffer just as he has made them suffer. "An eye for an eye," a wife for a wife. They are in an ecstasy when they find the Lovelace they are in search of in the person of a young linen-draper's clerk, Valentin Beaurayon, and lose no time in securing his "happiness" by bringing about and arranging all the preliminaries of his marriage with a charming and very wealthy heiress, Mlle. Amelie Formose, the daughter of a champagne merchant at Rheims. They have made a mistake, however, these worthies, for the seducer of their wives is not Valentin, but his father, an old scamp who had passed his life in similar adventures. When Beaurayon, Sr., comes to the wedding, he no sooner meets his son's future mother-in-law than he is fully convinced he had seen her before, and accordingly refers to a note-book in which he had made a rule of jotting down the list of his conquests, with dates and all particulars. Don Giovanni's record was a bagatelle compared with Beaurayon's. An entry in this record leads him to a full belief that Valentin's intended is in reality his sister, and he, in consequence, makes a desperate effort to prevent matters proceeding further; but somewhat late in the day at the moment when his newly married son is about to enter the bridal chamber for the first time! Happily for the repose of all parties, the mistake under which the scrupulous Beaurayon Sr. is laboring is soon cleared up, and he discovers that it was not Madame Formose, but a sister of hers, who had been his mistress in times gone by. The worthy old rake thereupon offers the still desolate spinster his hand, and whatever remains of his heart, to the intense edification of a trusting Parisian audience.

"Pietro il Grande."

Jullien was mad, perhaps, long before the world knew him to be so. It might, indeed, be questioned whether he was ever sane. He was engaged at a rehearsal when news was brought of the sudden death of Mendelssohn. Jullien laid down his baton, struck his forehead with his fist, and assumed a most tragical expression, as he exclaimed: "Ah! this is what happens to all people of genius! I will never compose any more." But he said and did even madder things. During many years he pretended to have made an extraordinary discovery in acoustics. Thrusting his fingers into his ears, he declared that he recognized in the humming vibratory sound within his head a decided A natural. "Un la colossal donne par le globe terrestre en roulant dans l'espace!" Then whistling a shrill note, D or E flat or F, he would cry enthusiastically: "C'est le la, la veritable, le la des spheres. Voila le diapason de l'eternite." It was scarcely his misfortune at Drury Lane that maddened him, however. He had rallied after these. He visited America in 1851, and gave colossal concerts under the auspices of Barnum, with considerable success. He resumed his promenade concerts in London, appearing in turn at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Lyceum, and the Grand Music Hall in the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

In 1852 he was even permitted to produce a new grand Italian opera at Covent Garden, entitled Pietro il Grande. He posed for the moment as a sort of Brummagem Meyerbeer; oddly enough, he even anticipated after a fashion the theme of Meyerbeer's L'Etoile du Nord. The production of such a work at such an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera was amazing, indeed; but intimate relations had long subsisted between M. Jullien and Mr. Gye, the Covent Garden impressario; for some time, indeed, they had formed a sort of firm. Gye, a partner in his concert enterprises, had been Jullien's chief assistant during the disastrous opera speculation at Drury Lane, and had afterward filled the post of acting manager when Mr. Delafield, the brewer, entered upon that rash campaign at Covent Garden which involved him in a loss of nearly £100,000. The result, indeed, had been freely predicted by Jullien, who, perceiving Mr. Delafield, the director, drive to the theatre in a splendid equipage, while Mr. Gye, the acting manager, followed meekly in a hansom cab, had remarked to a friend: "Ah! you see dat? Attendez donc! You vill see Mr. Delafield come in de cab and Mr. Gye ride in de carriage." And so it happened. Mr. Delafield's career as manager concluded in the Bankruptcy Court, and Mr. Gye reigned in his stead with very prosperous results.

Pietro il Grande enjoyed four representations, and then was swept away from the stage forever. It was trashy to a degree; vulgar, noisy, foolish; altogether an impudent imposture. A Russian national air was rather ingeniously inserted in the score, and a bold imitation of the grand duet in Les Huguenots proved effective in performance; otherwise the opera was merely promenade music, more than ordinarily crude, coarse, inane, and cacophonous. The utmost pains had been taken to produce the work with honest and characteristic costumes and scenery; the equipment of the opera for performance was even luxurious to extravagance. It could not have been more handsomely treated had it been an achievement of genius, instead of being the offspring of quackery it really was. The second act was devoted to a representation of the battle of Pultowa—"Pelt away," the waggish called it—when the stage swarmed with horse and foot, a deafening cannonade prevailed, and the air was now heavy with the fumes of gunpowder, now rent by the shrieks of trumpets or the thunder of thumped drums. So prodigious an opera had never been heard before, has never been heard since. The singers exerted themselves to the utmost, betraying no lack of faith in their occupation.

Signor Tamberlik appeared as Pietro, and Catterina was represented by Mlle. Anna Zerr, a German singer possessed of exceptional compass of voice; characters called Rossomak and Zemberg were undertaken by Herr Formes and Signor Ronconi respectively. On the nights of the performance of Pietro il Grande, Signor Costa prudently resigned his post of conductor to the gifted composer, who was regaled by the public with much applause, in part amicable, in part ironical.

At one of the recent Patti performances at the Paris Gaite, the contralto, Mme. Cassaglia, fell ill and was unable to sing in Il Trovatore. As this delectable troupe did not possess another contralto, the stage manager came before the curtain and asked the indulgence of the audience for the artist, or, if they preferred it, the role of Azucena would be suppressed. So little was thought of Mme. Patti's supporters that the audience resolved by acclamation on the suppression of the part, and Il Trovatore was sung with the music of Azucena omitted.

The Patient Angler.

An Angler sat by an old saw-mill,
And angled away in the flowing rill,
Dreaming of fish that, traditions say,
Deep in those waters hide away;
Pickerel, perch, eels and bull-pout,
And, legend whispered, a speckled trout.
This last named fish must be taken on spec,
No man ever saw his head or his neck;
One man had seen the end of his tail
Going down stream like an express mail.

But to our tale. As I said before,
The patient Angler sat by the shore,
And the tools of his trade around him lay—
Hackles, dun, brown, red, speckled and gray,
And flies artificial, of every hue,
Millers, grubs and grasshoppers too;
And good old Walton's "Angler Complete,"
The fisherman's Bible, lay at his feet.
As thus he sat and angled away,
I gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Holloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Hadst e'er a bite?"
"Not yet," he sighed, and whispered low:
"I've only been here a day or so."

Time rolled on, and I passed that way;
There sat the Angler, old and gray.
The hornet had built a nest in his hat,
His shoes was the home of the sportive gnat,
And yellow-jackets were coming to rest
Within the folds of his peaceful vest;
Earwigs, horseflies and beetles brown
Were sporting around his snowy crown;
But there he sat by the old saw-mill,
Happy, contented and patient still.
As thus he sat and angled away,
I gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Holloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Hadst e'er a bite?"
"Not yet," he sighed, and whispered low:
"I've only been here a month or so."

THE BREAKFAST TO BOOTH.

A Brilliant Company at Delmonico's—A Parting Tribute to the American Actor Bound for England—Pulpit, Stage and Bar.

At the farewell breakfast which was given to Edwin Booth at Delmonico's on Tuesday, addresses were made by Mr. Booth, Judge Brady, Joseph Jefferson, Lester Wallack, Lawrence Barrett, the Rev. Robert Collyer, E. C. Steadman, Algernon S. Sullivan, Chief Justice Daly and others. William Winter read a poem. All of the speeches contained tributes to the guest of the day, and all united in wishing him a prosperous journey abroad and a safe return to America. There were more than 150 persons at the tables. Upon a table in one room were strewn letters from several prominent men regretting their inability to attend the breakfast. Ole Bull, James T. Fields, Charles A. Dana, Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearean commentator; Gen. W. T. Sherman, Secretary Evarts, Rev. Dr. Houghton, Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, Charles Dudley Warner, and Bronson Howard wrote some of the letters.

The breakfast was intended as a parting tribute to the great tragedian before his departure for Europe. The affair was characterized throughout by the heartiest words of admiration for the genius and esteem for the character of the famous tragedian. It was nearly 1 o'clock when the company entered the breakfast hall At one end was a raised table, at right angles to which were four others. Flowers and elaborate specimens of the cook's art made the tables very attractive to the eye. Upon each of the centre pieces was placed a shield bearing Mr. Booth's monogram. Upon a pedestal behind the raised table was a bust of the honored guest, and above it hung a picture of Shakespeare. The United States flag formed a background for a portrait of Mr. Booth, which was suspended from the little gallery over the entrance. In this gallery was an orchestra which played selections from time to time. On the brackets around the walls were pictures of famous actors—the elder Wallack, John Gilbert and many others. At the centre of the raised table sat Judge Brady. On his right were Edwin Booth, Parke Godwin, Lawrence Barrett and William Warren. On his left sat Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, the Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer and Chief-Justice C. P. Daly. At the head of the four long tables were George W. Carleton, Algernon S. Sullivan, Whitelaw Reid and Abram S. Hewitt. Among the others present were:

E. C. Stedman,	Adam Badeau,
James R. Osgood,	B. E. Woolf,
Constant Mayer,	J. G. A. Ward,
Robert Collyer,	Horace Porter,
Justice Gedney,	Cyrus Butler,
Curtis Guild,	T. N. Otis,
Benjamin K. Phelps,	E. E. Rice,
L. P. di Cesnola,	W. Whittridge,
V. Botta,	C. C. Hastings,
William Winter,	J. B. Matthews,
R. B. Roosevelt,	F. Hutton,
Judge Shea,	William Bispham,
A. M. Palmer,	George Edgar,
Steele Mackaye,	Alexander Masteston,
S. R. Gifford,	W. M. Connor,
Noah Brooks,	J. B. Houston,
John F. Weir,	H. W. Allen,
J. R. G. Hassard,	W. S. Andrews,
W. F. Gill,	P. T. Barnum,
W. C. Church,	Colonel Latham,
Charles Watrous,	C. H. Baldwin,
F. B. Ward,	Eastman Johnson,
George R. Goodale,	A. Van Wort,
John Elderken,	John D. Townsend,
Major J. M. Bundy,	Jervis McEntee,
Dr. Pardee,	Dr. Sumner,
Charles Pope,	J. B. Erhardt,
William Bond,	Lucius Hart,
E. A. Buck,	A. S. Jones,
N. V. Hutchings,	Dr. F. Barker,
C. S. Smith,	C. Roberts, Jr.,
Samuel Shethar,	C. Robinson,
Dr. J. M. Sims,	L. C. Davis,
Dr. Austin Flint,	G. E. Montgommery,
W. R. Floyd,	A. W. Sanford,
John T. Ford,	George R. Goodale,
Dr. F. H. Hamilton,	John E. Sayles,
Charles Phelps,	R. A. Johnson,
A. E. Lancaster,	T. J. McMahon,
Edgar Fawcett,	D. D. Telford,
J. A. Stowe,	Albert Crane,
J. H. Beard,	Charles D. Eytinge.

Before the guests took their seats, grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Ewer. After the cigars were lighted, Judge Brady, in a few words, referred to the object of the entertainment. When he mentioned Mr. Booth's name, it was greeted with a cheer which was distinctly heard over by the Seward statue on Twenty-third street. It was as long, too, as it was loud, and was repeated until the lungs of the breakfasters were tired; everybody rose and waived his napkin in honor of the distinguished guest, and the band played "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Booth was visibly affected, which was not surprising to those persons who know him as one of the most nervous and modest of men, and his face grew pale as he bowed again and again in acknowledgment of the tribute. Called upon to respond, he said he could not make a speech. The wife of an eminent man had once told him that he had one advantage over her husband. "Whenever my husband opens his mouth in public," she said, "he makes a fool of himself, but you never open your mouth at all." Judge Brady wanted it understood that his wife didn't make that remark. He called upon the Rev. Dr. Collyer to respond to the toast, "The Stage and the Bar." The white hair and genial face of the distinguished clergyman appeared above the heads of the guests at the lower end of the room.

MR. COLLYER'S REMARKS.

"You want me to tell what I know of the theatre? Well, I go whenever I can, and I never go but I have a grand time. Sometimes they send me a private box, and then I am the first man in the house. My wife and daughter often say they miss the best things because they have to take care of me. I give myself up entirely to it when I am at it, and I assure you it does me a great deal of good. I never knew Mr. Booth until to-day. How should I know him? I am a minister and he is an actor. Well, when I was presented to him in that room out there this morning I could hardly help thinking, 'Is that young man the feeble, trembling, coughing old man I have so often seen coming down the stage with the weight of the world on his shoulders? Is that Richelieu?' [As Mr. Collyer spoke these words Mr. Booth laid his cigar on the table.] And so he was as I shook his hand, and Hamlet too, and Richard and Macbeth and Romeo and Petruchio and all the rest of them. Since we have been sitting here my mind has gone back to a time when I saw him the young lover, and how badly I felt for him when he got into that trouble with his sweetheart, which is about the first trouble we encounter in life. That was in Chicago in McVicker's Theatre—that dear old 'Mac' whom we all love. Well, I had a grand time then. I have seen him frequently since; and I never see him but I have a grand time, to-day included. I call to mind that in Chicago there was a minister who had been saying hard things of the theatre for a long time, and he went to old 'Mac' one day and asked him for his theatre for some purpose. 'Mac' said: 'No; you cannot have it; I could not allow such bad acting as yours on my stage.'"

Mr. Collyer then paid a glowing tribute to the genius of Edwin Booth, and was rapturously applauded.

BARRETT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett was called upon to respond to the next toast, "The Actor." He said he was mis-cast. There was only one actor present—and then, remembering Wallack and Jefferson and Warren, he added—in the tragic line; but, as Mr. Booth was so modest, he would try to speak for him. He would recall another famous actor's banquet in the old Metropolitan Hotel in 1857. It was given by the Dramatic Fund Association, and another Judge Brady was in the chair. "When I remember the actors at that feast it seems like calling another world into existence," said Mr. Barrett. He mentioned John Brougham as one of them, among Blake and others, and the name of the dead comedian was received with subdued applause. "I was then a young actor from the West," continued Mr. Barrett; "I am a young actor from the West now; but I was younger then, and had a deal of trouble to get together money enough to attend that dinner. But I wanted to see those actors. A clergyman delivered an address at that dinner—the Rev. Dr. Bellows. [Applause.] He was then beginning his grand career, and he made a speech which has animated my whole life. It was a glorious tribute to the stage, a bold and daring speech to make at that time, when another minister, a little further down the street, had just denounced the theatre as the gate of hell. Dr. Bellows said that some one would arise who would elevate the American Stage beyond the sneers of its enemies. Six months afterward Edwin Booth made his first appearance at a Metropolitan theatre. [Applause.] He was a young actor from the West, too. The poet wrote 'Westward the star of empire takes its way,' but rapid transit has made the West the East.' The actor's profession, Mr. Barrett said, was a most 'democratic one; there was no royal road to fortune in it. "Here on the platform is the third generation of Jefferson [applause], the second generation of Wallack [applause], the third generation of Warren [applause], and the second generation of Booth [applause]. But with all their royalty they inherited no more than I did. The heritage of work was as much theirs as mine." Mr. Barrett thought the drama needed no defense, it could take care of itself; actors could soil themselves but not the drama. The legitimate drama was not necessarily Shakespearean, but that which its father was not ashamed to own. "I admire Edwin Booth," said Mr. Barrett in conclusion; "both as a man and an actor—

"'His is the sway o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,
The youngest of the sister arts
Where all their beauty blends.
For poetry can ill-express
Full many a tone of thought divine;
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time;
'Tis by the mighty actor brought
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought
And sculpture to be dumb.'"

When Mr. Barrett had finished speaking, Mr. Booth arose from his chair, and the two tragedians grasped hands, while the hall resounded with cheers.

LESTER WALLACK.

Mr. Wallack was heartily welcomed. He said he did not know that he had much to say on the subject of the American theatre. It was more in his line to be doing for it than talking of it. He thought there was a fair illustration of that establishment in his vicinity, and it looked as if it were pretty prosperous and flourishing. His friend Mr. Booth was going abroad. He hoped he would not confine himself while there to being a mere looker-on in Venice, but would come out of his retirement and give the people across the Atlantic an idea of his ability, a taste of his quality. He thought it would be difficult to find a more fitting ambassador from the American theatre than the one now going to the shores of Old England. He would represent it better than any other man in the whole range of that drama, for he is its head and front. No one can find fault with us, said Mr. Wallack, on the score of generosity. We have given them the best we had, and we may at least hope that they will be appreciative and grateful. It was only left, he thought, for his friends to wish him home soon again, and to assure him before he goes that his memory will remain warm in their hearts. Mr. Wallack made some touching allusions to his friend and brother actor, and ended with a desire for his safety and happiness; "for," he added, "the ship that shall carry him over the ocean, with all her wealth and multitude of life, will bear no more precious burden than Edwin Booth."

On taking his seat Mr. Wallack extended his hand to Mr. Booth, and, with emotion, whispered, "I was not able to say much, but what I did came from my heart."

Instead of music as an interlude between the speeches, W. S. Andrews at this point gave some pleasant reminiscences of the time when he was a member of Mr. Booth's company, and gave a recitation, "Buck Fanshawe's Funeral," by Mark Twain, after which Algernon S. Sullivan responded to "The Stage and the Bar," and showed how great an aid to forensic ability was a study of the dramatic element in life.

WILLIAM WINTER'S POEM.

William Winter of the Tribune was then introduced by the chairman. They were assembled, he said, to do honor to a man who deserved honor, and that was rather an exceptional thing. He spoke of Mr. Booth's career, and declared that when their guest knocked the dust out of the cushions of Drury Lane there would be such a flight of owls as had not been seen since his illustrious father electrified that capital. He then read the following poem, entitled "Good-bye to Edwin Booth:"

I.

His barque will fade, in mist and night,
Across the dim sea-line,
And coldly on our aching sight
The solemn stars will shine—
All, all in mournful silence, save
For Ocean's distant roar—
Heard where the slow, regretful wave
Sobs on the lonely shore.

II.

But, O, while, winged with love and prayer,
Our thoughts pursue his track,
What glorious sights the midnight air
Will proudly waft us back!
What golden words will flutter down
From many a peak of fame,
What glittering shapes of old renown
That cluster round his name!

III.

O'er storied Denmark's haunted ground
Will darkly drift again,
Dream-like and vague, without a sound,
The spectre of the Dane;
And breaking hearts will be the wreath
For grief that knows no tear
When shine on Cornwall's storm-swept heath
The blazing eyes of Lear.

IV.

Slow, mid the portents of the storm,
And Fate's avenging powers,
Will moody Richard's haggard form
Pace through the twilight hours,
And wildly hurtling o'er the sky
The red star of Macbeth—
Torn from the central arch on high—
Go down in dusky death!

V.

But—best of all!—will softly rise
His form of manly grace—
The noble brow, the honest eyes,
The sweetly patient face,
The loving heart, the stately mind
That, conquering every ill,
Through seas of trouble, cast behind,
Was grandly steadfast still.

VI.

Though skies might gloom and tempest rave,
Though friends and hopes might fall,
His constant spirit, simply brave,
Would meet and suffer all—
Would calmly smile at Fortune's frown,
Supreme o'er gain or loss;
And he the worthiest wears the crown
That gently bore the cross.

VII.

Be blythe and bright, thou jocund day
That golden England knows!
Bloom sweetly round the wanderer's way,
Thou royal English rose!
And, English hearts [no need to tell
How truth itself endures!]
This soul of manhood treasure well,
Our love commits to yours!

VIII.

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,
Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
And violets star the sod,
Till our last broken wave of time
Dies on the shores of God.

In the midst of the applause that marked the conclusion of Mr. Winter's poem Mr. Wallack called for three cheers for Mrs. Booth, and they were heartily given.

Whitelaw Reid responded to the toast, "The Stage and the Press."

REMARKS OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

"I have known Edwin Booth since he was a boy. I happened to be not a very old boy then, and both his honored father and himself acted under my management. I think I was twenty-one years of age at the time—a very young manager—and a very unsuccessful one. In fact, I drew my experience from that solitary season, and never managed afterward. [Laughter.] But I have been the guest of Edwin Booth at his fireside, and he has been a guest of mine. We have watched the playful kitten with the ball of yarn together, and I can only say that his home life has been equal to his public life, and that has been so successful and so brilliant that it needs no further comment from me."

BOOTH IN CALIFORNIA.

"I had just gone to California," said Rev. F. C. Ewer, "before our honored guest came there. Our callings in life were different. He was of the profession of the stage, and I of the newspaper. At that time in California the gentlemen of the stage and the gentlemen of the press were very apt to form very strong friendships, and it was so in regard to Mr. Booth and myself. Our honored guest plucked the first leaves of his laurel crown in California, twenty-seven years ago. He had come out there in company with his famous father, and played Cassio to his father's Iago, and Richmond to his father's Richard the Third. Then he was but eighteen years of age. One of the editors of the San Francisco Times thought he discovered traces of great promise in the youth, and he so stated in the columns of his paper. Consequently the elder Booth left the city, and in a few weeks our guest secured an engagement at the San Francisco Hall, playing utility parts. The editor reiterated his remarks as to the youth's ability and promise, and after a time we insisted that he should try something out of the line he was playing; that he should attempt nothing less, in fact, than one of the great Shakespearean characters. Richard the Third was tried, and the San Francisco audience, composed as it was of pioneers representative of the fresh and vigorous intellect of the North, South and West, England, Scotland and Ireland, was one of the most critical audiences that ever sat in a theatre, and one of the most independent, also, in the expression of its censure or its praise. It was a daring thing to do, to persuade this young actor to leave the parts he played and risk a miserable failure. But he did not fail. [Cheers.] He won the best opinions of all. They said: 'Well, he is eighteen years of age now; we will wait and see what he will do.' His promise of future greatness was apparent. Gentlemen, we have waited, and have we not seen? [Loud applause.] To-day he has no peer on this continent, and his reception on the other side, where his fame has preceded him, will be as grand as his career justly merits." [Applause.]

William Warren, in a short speech, wished Mr. Booth "God-speed, happiness and prosperity."

ADDRESS OF MR. STEDMAN.

In response to "The Poetry of the Actor's Life," Edmund C. Stedman said, in substance: "We are sending abroad, and with honors, the actor who, of all others, has the best-sustained claim upon our respect and affection. Now, there are two classes of public men of whom I think it may be said, that if they do not succeed with the public it is their own fault or failing; to wit: the preachers and the actors. An author cannot force people to buy his books; but every week a congregation has to sit and listen to its preacher; and if the members prefer eternal misery hereafter to such an infliction in this world, it must be the preacher's fault. Just so with the actor. Once upon the stage, how we all long to applaud him—how eagerly we desire to be moved. Conversely, if he does win our hearts, if he does grow in fame and public affection during a long series of years, it is because he, of all men, really deserves his success—there can be no mistake about it—he has stood with the lights upon him all that time!

"It is likely enough that Mr. Booth will appear upon the English boards. This, in fact, is what we want him to do; and our desire and hope will follow our champion throughout his experiences abroad. Yet there is a tradition current about the British state of mind, which well might give us ground for anxiety. It is alleged that our cousins will take nothing from this side that has not what is called 'the flavor of the soil;' that this flavor is held to be solely humorous and fantastic and must be expressed, possibly in dialect, but certainly with limitless extravagance and peculiarity. Anything in art, thought or action which claims to be American, and yet conforms somewhat to the laws of beauty and emotion that exist in older countries, must be a fraud—the product of a tame and conventional imitation! So current has this notion become that when a speech was made at a great London dinner the other day, an American author who, in his prose at least, is always a poet, only found courage to claim that America really possessed a literature by calling to his aid the names of Artemus Ward and other authors, who certainly have not gained foreign reputations by their histories, tragedies, dramatic novels and epic poems! Now, Mr. President, we are sending Mr. Booth abroad as our chief tragedian. Are the pure intonation, the gracious bearing, the classic passion, with which he sets the creations of Shakespeare in visible form before us to prevent his finding favor as a genuine product of American blood and culture? Yes, he must resort to the 'flavor of the soil.' Suggestions readily occur to the mind. The Oil City Derrick, for example, has made new versions of the soliloquies in Hamlet and other tragedies, which it may be well for him to consider and adopt; or possibly they might be translated for him into the dialect said to be used by the farmers of Bucks County, Penn. He might produce a truly American effect by a bowie-knife duel with Laertes, or by a flying shot with a revolver at the King as the latter attempts to escape. Macbeth, of course, he must dress in a kilt of Brother Jonathan stripes and a starry bonnet; while as Romeo he might wear top boots, spurs, a Texan hat, and climb the balcony by aid of his lasso. I know, from the enormous and well-deserved popularity of our friend Mr. Clemens in England, that if Mr. Booth will use his American text-book of the play our tragedian's triumph will be secure.

"But, after all, why should we think the English so narrow? I think it is somewhat our idea of them that is too narrow. They have accepted the fact that our young school of novelists, with Howells, Aldrich and James at its head, is producing work that is more delicate and subtle than their own, and more healthy and true than that of France. Our guest and comrade need fear abroad, in my opinion, no worse enemy than Winter and rough weather.' If English lovers of the drama come under his sweet and vigorous charm, they will not stay to doubt either his nationality or his born and confirmed title to enact the master-plays in which we share their right and inheritance. His grace and passion will increase their growing conviction that America is not all frontier, but is a large portion of the civilized world, and entitled not only to the clown's seat, but to the hero's, at feasts of intellect and imagination."

CONCLUDING WORDS.

Chief-Justice Daly spoke of "Stage Literature," and in conclusion, extending his hand to Mr. Booth, he said: "At my time of life, and with the acquaintances and friends that I have, there is no man that I appreciate more than the one whose hand I now hold. That is not a judicial but a personal expression." [Loud applause.]

The company then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and departed.

Cheap Theatres.

National Theatre, Chicago, Ill., June 14, 1880.

Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—In your issue of June 5, your correspondent from this city, in mentioning the current week at the above theatre, alludes to the star then playing being supported by the "rag and bob-tail company of the National." As the season closed last night, a word as to the standing of the company. Many of its members are well-known in the profession, and have held positions in first-class theatres in the days of stock companies, and by reason of family ties would rather work in a legitimate—or, rather, sensational—theatre at a good salary, tho' the price of admission be only ten cents, than take their chances with "snap" managers or speculators who live by the brains and credulity of professional people. For the past eight months I have been a member of the stock company of the National, under the management of Mr. O. E. Adams, and I was never better treated by any manager, although I have had the pleasure of playing under some of the best in the Western country. To any of the sensational stars who have played in the above theatre, I would respectfully ask if in any city in the country they were supported by a more efficient company than the "rag and bob-tail company" of the National.

Many managers and professional people look upon cheap theatres as a something to be avoided, and consequently they never spare any opportunity of throwing slurs upon the company of such theatres, notwithstanding what their ability may be, nor how well the theatre is conducted; and I begin to think your correspondent to be in sympathy with such, for at the time he wrote that article he had never been inside the doors of the theatre, or had any chance to judge of the "rag and bob-tail company." Last week he presented himself to Mr. Adams and declared it was his first visit. My object in writing this is to do justice to a man like Manager Adams, who does his duty to his people, and also to the members of said company, who work in cheap theatres.

We can't all be great people. Nor can we all get in first-class combinations; and actors of to-day are like mushrooms: they spring up in a night; therefore the cheap theatres come to the rescue and keep his family from being rent asunder. Until we return to stock companies, high-toned managers and my brother "snobs" must bear the obnoxious fact of cheap theatres, the managers of which pay a good salary,—at least I got it. I trust your able and truthful correspondent will in the future be a little more careful in his remarks, as, at nearly the close of the season, it might injure some of the members of this company in the matter of a future engagement. For myself, I am happy to say, I am already engaged. Respectfully yours,

Will J. Madigan,
Comedian.

—Strobridge.—Hines, Strobridge, of the Strobridge Lithographing Company, leaves for England June 30, on the Gallia. The firm will import five hundred 30x40 lithograph stones direct from the British quarries and selected by Mr. Strobridge especially for theatrical work.

—The Standard Comedy company started out for a short season on Wednesday. They will present Led Astray. The following comprise the company: Louise Dempsey, Florence Robinson, Angie Griffiths, Emily Stowe, Annie D. Ware, Ralph Delmore, George S. Bobinson, George Gaston, Charles Dade, Hugh Fuller, and John W. Watson.

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—IN—
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BEST SHOW TOWN in the STATE

Managers contemplating a visit to Texas will please note that I have severed all connections (other than friendly) with any pretended circuit, and will play first-class attractions on liberal sharing terms, or lease the house at a low rental. The insecurity of the old house has led me to entirely refit, reseat and place the Opera House in perfect condition, and managers will find it to their advantage to confer with my only authorized agents in New York, John A. Moninger or C. R. Gardiner & Co., 12 Union Square.

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OAKLAND GARDENS, BOSTON, JUNE 14.
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMERS. ONE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.
HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE, NEW YORK, JUNE 28.

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

Union Square Company, Twenty-eight Performances	$15,066 00
Lotta, Twenty-four Performances	16,434 25
Aldrich and Parsloe (Grant's reception against them),	5,168 75
Joe Emmet, Fourteen Performances	7,106 75
Minnie Palmer, Seven Performances	3,100 00
Tourists, Fourteen Performances	9,329 00

Princess Toto, Jarrett & Rice's Fun on the Bristol (last week better than the first), J. T. Raymond, Jos. Murphy, Tragedians of Kalamazoo, Berger Family, Annie Ward Tiffany, Augustin Daly's Combination, Harrigan & Hart, Charlotte Thompson, all played to fair business.

BOOKED FOR THE COMING SEASON:

E. A. Sothern. Minnie Palmer, Leavitt's Burlesque Company, Rentz-Santley Novelty Company, Fun on the Bristol, Joseph Emmet, etc., etc., etc.

Letter of Rachel.

The Gazette Anecdotique publishes the following hitherto unpublished letter of Rachel: "April, 1844 (11 o'clock P. M.). Where did you learn, if you please, that I declaimed scenes from Polyeucte and Phedre last night at Mme. X's? Am I then a tragedienne who goes into people's houses? With whom do you confound me? I was not at home when you came, that is true, but as to declaimmg, I did not think of it at all last night, I assure you. Still you wished in spite of everything to know where I could be, and you were obliged to bribe my servants! What could they have told you? What a horribly jealous fellow you are, you know it yourself, and how insupportable you are! But you are less so than that diablesse Catherine II., which role I am now sorry I took upon myself to perform. These rehearsals, this work at home, all this fatigues me and puts me out of breath, the more so, entre nous, because I go to work without enthusiasm and because I see I am taking a great deal of trouble for a play that will run but a few evenings. I don't feel that the play is a success as we do with some pieces. It is a fair piece, if you like; but it is cold. I throw fire as best I can into those icy tirades, and I am having a beautiful costume made. The audience must look at me rather than hear me. They must look at me just as you do. When planted before me you look at me like an astrologer, who seeks to read the future in the eyes of his fair lady, supposing always that astrologers have fair ladies. Well, good night, astrologer, and don't you during this dark night fall into any well, and do continue to think of me! You will be paid back for last night, for your trouble for nothing, for your solitary dinner and for many other things, you fearful jealous fellow! Shame! Othello! Go hide yourself, and get to bed, tor it has struck twelve. Your Rachel. P. S.—Well, see here. I am better than you think, and I want you to be entirely reassured when you receive this note to-morrow morning. Last night I did nothing more nor less than dine in private with papa Felix, mamma Felix and Sarah! There now, horrid tyrant, that is how a poor innocent girl can at times be unjustly suspected!"

William E. Burton.

During his management of the Chambers Street Theatre, New York, Burton brought out The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Comedy of Errors and The Winter's Tale. His taste and research were especially seen in the production of the beautiful comedy last named. The appearance of Time as the Chorus, omitted in the piece as revived by Macready in London, was restored. The necessities of modern society involve some curtailment of the written play, but Burton, who was a Shakesperean student, was very chary in this respect, while he added to the part of Antolycus "more of the song scraps of the merry pickpocket, with the original airs, which his research enabled him to discover." It was this part which he represented, and so successfully, that attention was drawn away from the injured Hermione and the lovelier visions of the artless Perdita. Here is a description of his acting of the character, worthy of a place in Colley Cibber's gallery of portraits: "When entering with his careless jollity of air and greasy swagger, he might have stood for a picture of Rembrandt. He absolutely reveled in the geniality of the character as if it was his own. Mirth seemed indigenous to his nature and shot out with an unchecked luxuriance. Nothing was stunted. He appeared to run riot in mirth. Yet the relish did not interfere with the exquisite delicacy in which he touched off a shade or pictured a quaint humor, or described a beautiful image. The huge house is big enough to hold Antolycus, Polonius, Falstaff, and Sir Toby Belch. We have never seen the fun cream up more exuberantly, and its flow was full of racy flavor. The sly humor of the rogue shone out so quaintly that if it were not for the recognition he gives to the audience in the shape of a nod or a wink—which points the fun like a poke in the ribs—one would think it equally unconscious as spontaneous. Never did an actor admit an audience more confidentially and unreservedly into his secrets. The whole audience seemed to him one person; his wink seemed directed to each particular person and it was only the universal roar which disturbed each other's delusion that he was himself the special confidante. Even the victims seemed half gammoned with their own consent, so wily was his deception."

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Reportoire of fifty-two Italian operas, in twenty-eight of which he has already appeared, including Faust, *Traviata, *Marta, *Rigoletto, *La Sonnambula, *Don Pasquale, *Don Giovanni, Trovatore, La Forze del Destino, Polinto, Elisire d'Amore, Promessi Spori, Ruy Blas, Lucrezia Borgia, *Norma, Musnadieri, Lindi di Chamouni, etc. For terms, etc., address
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*Appeared in these at Her Majesty's, London.

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ROUTE FOR SUMMER TOUR:

Pittsburg, Pa., this week; New Castle, Pa., 11; Youngstown 15; Greenville, Pa. 16; Cleveland, O. 17, 18 and 19; Sandusky, O. 21; Lima, O., 22; Fort Wayne, Ind., 23; Indianapolis 24, 25 and 26; Terre Haute, Ind., 28; Decatur, Ill., 29; Springfield, Ill., 30; Jacksonville, Ill., July 1; Chicago, Hooley's Theatre, two weeks, commencing July 5.

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